

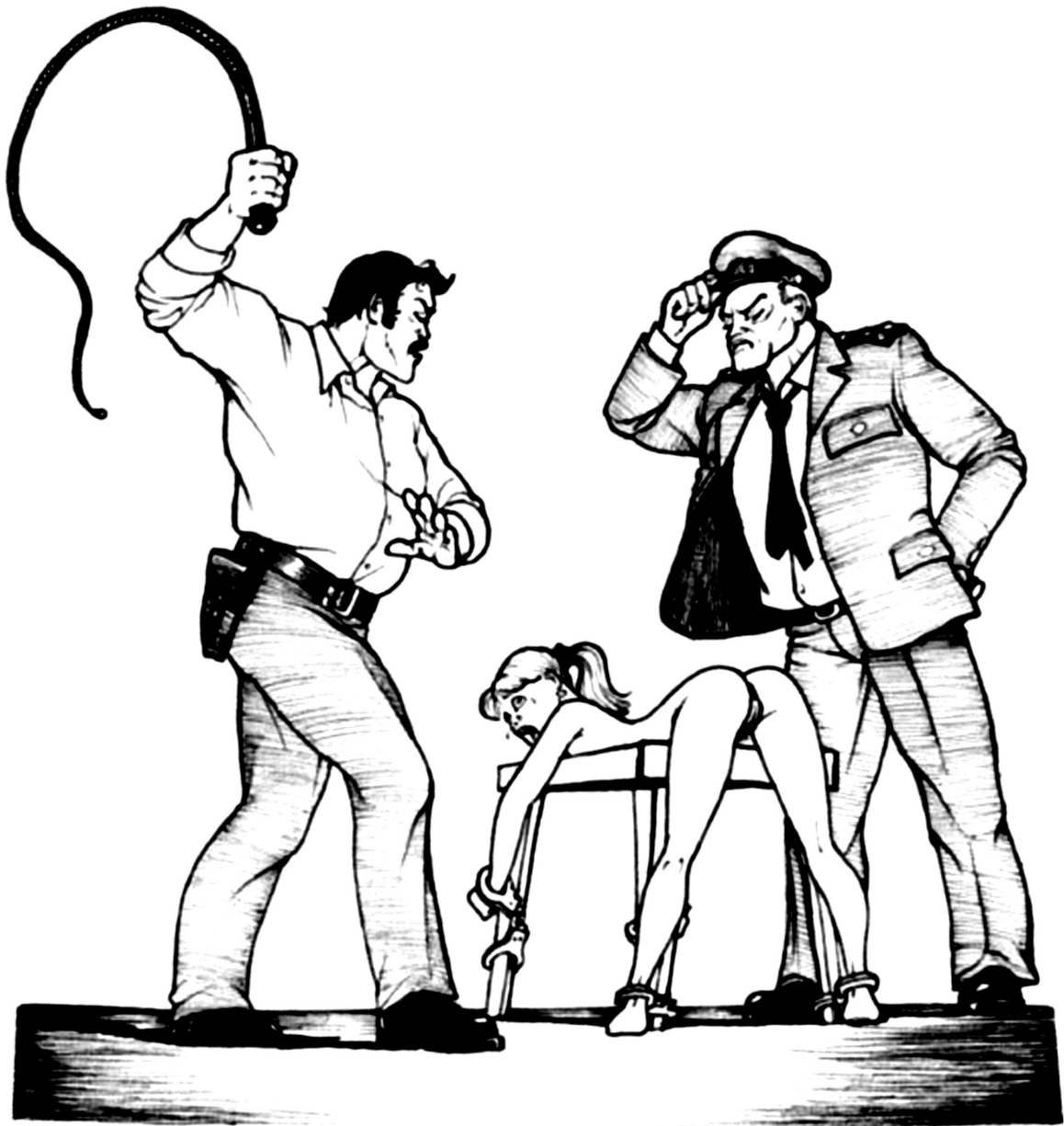
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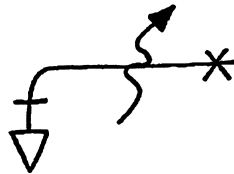
Journal of Satanism and the Sinister



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I: *SETH, ONA, AFGHANISTAN 2011EH*

LXIII: *ASTRID*

butterflies

Conflict; the clashing of visions and destinies.

The attempt by others to wrest away the Destiny of one individual and thus disrupt the greater Wyrð.

A clouding of vision that creates doubts, lack of direction, susceptibility to outside forces and possibly, if insight is lost, the renouncing of a quest.

The hardship imposed by the consequence of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes.

Wisdom – and Destiny – may be attained.

Awareness of those factors – such as other people – that may fulfill Destiny, and the hard practical realities of striving to create this fulfillment.

Sadness and wisdom and creativity through loss



INTRODUCTION

HELL - PART III

If one pursues the path of Traditional Satanism, that testing, that exacting path from which the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, latter, was codified, then what does one expect along the way?

Many current individuals and groupings, some of which attach themselves - however tenuously - to the nomenclature "Satanic" and the initials "ONA" - seem to expect that self-affirmation in regard to the same involves some temporary and ephemeral "friendship", the acceptance of some [sic]"kollektive" and a never-ending round of talks, discussions and circling about salient (and oftentimes not-salient) issues - sans on-the-ground action, sans that severing of a very temporal, very ephemeral "camaraderie" (with the basest of "comrades", no less) which is not only a stumbling block but indeed a genuine impasse toward the sort of self-development - through adversity - through pathei-mathos - which the ONA has recommended for decades.

For those who would stand and imply that a "solidarity" (based on affirmation only of one's own or another's stated "Sinister" bona fides, in more cases than not never verified in any real, visceral fashion) implies what is genuinely Satanic, Satanic according to tradition, then we would ask what then of the "lone sorcerer" who "prefers the company of themselves to that of others", what of those manipulative, baleful, Satanic and yes, *evil* elite whose main interest in others is to manipulate, to use, to forge - with the leverage of others - an agenda based on first personal manipulation (as befitting Novices, Oblates and Professed Brothers/Sisters) and then on towards impersonal, Aeonian manipulation (as befitting Priests/Priestesses and Grand Masters/Lady Grand Masters) for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic of history?

For make no mistake, "Satanism is dark, and Satanists revel in evil" - furthermore, "Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in the sense of the term now accepted."

Recently someone - not associated with the ONA - stated that:

"Some are inherently good and cannot be evil. I would be lying if I said I had not tried these many years to sabotage the increase of darkness under the guise of being Satanic - and trying to make the world a better place, to change others in a positive way by defusing the heart of darkness.

That is precisely what I have been working for. I am not evil, or elite, and my nature has left a littered road of burning bridges behind me because of the incompatibility of my soul's nature with that of others."

To which, the only response on behalf of the ONA can be, and is, as it has been for more than twenty years:

"Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the 'thrill' of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in a local notoriety,

finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a 'Satanist.' But these impostors do no evil - in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a 'moral religion' (or something of the kind), perhaps even an 'ethical knowledge.' Such people are pathetic and certainly not Satanists."

For every pseudo-Satanist, for every member of the ONA Pretendu Crowd who apes - however pathetically, however ineptly - the genuine and explicitly hard, exacting and yes, indeed, dangerous path that has been set forward by the ONA - a path of hard self-development which is never achieved by never-ending rounds of talks, discussions and superfluous interactions of the "social entertainment" variety - all so available, so insipid - how many of you will take that genuinely hard, that genuinely exacting and most certainly dangerous path through the mountains, abandoning that meandering, easy and indeed life-squandering path through the valley pass?

The answer, inevitably, is few. However the ONA have always consisted of few - those few whose lust toward practical application, well beyond the safe confines of the insipid and supercilious realm of "occult discussion" and more often than not "occult self-promotion" - who have prompted an engagement in the harsh arena of the real-world, sans any safety-belt, seeking to forge, manipulate and distort power - both existent and incipient - and to feel, to be transformed, by real, operational Satanism by so doing. To these we welcome, as ever, to HELL.

Jall

Outer Representative, Order of Nine Angles, HELL Nexion, March 124 Year of Fire

References: *HOSTIA Vol. I*

MANIPULATION I

SINISTER THEMES

It is a fact of external sinister magick that manipulation is necessary. There is manipulation of forms, images and magickal energies as well as direct and indirect manipulation of people.

People manipulation can arise from many factors and be undertaken for many reasons. Initially, it is often done by Initiates because they wish or desire to revel in the feeling that such manipulation can and often does bring – a sense of power and re-enforcing of the ego: it creates a sense of self-identity and purpose, enhancing the "role" of Satanist/Black Magickian.

Beyond this is the use by the External Adept of various roles - such as Priest or Priestess - which by their nature involve certain amounts of manipulation of others, e.g. in the running of a Temple or group. Experience brings skill - a learning from mistakes, and thus a more subtle approach. Instead of direct confrontation, there is a "flowing with" the other persons(s) and then a skillful re-direction of them: i.e. they believe they are acting freely rather than being manipulated. Beyond External Adept, there may be further use of such skills depending on the wyrd of the Adept.

What all levels have in common is the acceptance of the belief that the magickal Initiate is superior to the non-Initiate: that others can be used to achieve personal/magickal goals. In the beginning, of course, this sense of superiority may be unfounded and mis-placed - arising from simple arrogance and self-delusion. However, if the Initiate truly learns, and really follows the hard path of internal magick, then this will be transformed into a reality, the External Adept having acquired the skill and begun the process of developing character: that which sets them apart from ordinary mortals. In addition, certain abilities will be developed (some connected with the 'Occult') and latent potential drawn forth - creating a new individual from the pre-Initiate one.

The post-Initiate will realize the rather limited understanding of the majority and see them as swayed by all kinds of external and unconscious influences: in short, understand that they are not really free. They will be seen as directed and controlled in varying ways by various means – by archetypal forces within their own psyche, directly or indirectly by others and by ideas/forms/Institutions/ideology, as well as by the various patterns psychic energies assume (one of which is the ethos of the culture/civilization to which they belong).

To the sinister Initiate this will be illuminating and also useful, providing opportunities for experimentation and self-learning, as for example via running a Temple.

There is no morality here - only the judgment of experience: most people are consciously and esoterically not very well developed. In fact, they are still rather primitive. The Initiate takes a dispassionate view – although there will be times when direct involvement leads to emotional commitment/involvement, and thence to a self-learning from the experience(s), as must be in the progress from Initiate toward the other Grades. Initially, however, others are seen as a means.

Gradually, there is a move away from this - from the direct, personal involvement to the

more indirect and magickal: an internalizing. This brings awareness of the Initiate's own psyche and thus real understanding. There may be and mostly still is manipulation of others - but this has evolved from the random to the directed, centred on what the Initiate believes is his or her own destiny in magickal terms. The same applies to the manipulation of magickal energies - there is an evolution away from the undirected external type (which quite often arose from the unconscious - i.e. was not consciously understood) first to the internal as a process of internal magick, and then outward again but in a directed form, the direction arising from the magickal goals set, those involved in following the sinister path. In brief, there is an awareness of that balance which is so important for true Adeptship.

This balance - for an External Adept - is expressed in the understanding, from experience [i.e. not "from book-learning"], that magick as a directed form is not always causal when used to assist the individual externally (and sometimes internally) - that is, it involves other factors which the individual, at the time of working/ritual, may not be aware of/in control of. In short - the illusion of having achieved control/mastery of all magickal forms by techniques, is broken. one of the factors involved in this is the wyrd of the individual; another is the wyrd of the Aeon; another - and perhaps the most important for the individual to understand - is the **nature of magick itself: no one who has not transcended beyond the Abyss can direct/control in a causal way all the divergent forms any magickal energy assumes in the causal.** Quite often, however, most of the divergences go un-noticed when "practical magick" is performed because the time-scale of those divergences is not the same as that of the effects which are or become noticed by the Initiate/External Adept and which mostly are taken to be the "success/failure" of the working. Some of the divergences are or may be in themselves of no consequence to the individual undertaking the working - i.e. produce no discernible outward effects - and even when they or some of them are of consequence the Initiate/External Adept usually either ignores them or accounts for them in other, temporal, ways. A recognition of/sensitivity to the divergences begins the process that leads from External to Internal Adept: once again, practical experience is the teacher. it should be obvious that those which are of consequence (whether noticed or not) effect these acausal changes upon the individual due to (a) the wyrd of that individual and/or (b) the wyrd of the aeon.

Thus the learning curve which magickal workings impart. In a sense, each Grade Ritual and the associated experiences imparts more ability to apprehend and thus control the causal manifestations - gives more skill at manipulation both magickal and of people (there is a stage when the two are understood as the same thing), as well as brings an awareness of the acausal effects beyond the time-scale of the working and its desire/results.

The understanding of the limits (well, some of them!) often occurs following the solo Nine Angles rite by an External Adept - at first intuitively, and then more consciously. This begins the process of consolidation and leads either to further self-insight, return to self-delusion, or rejection of magick and the quest. For, in essence, the solo rite is a foretaste of the chaos of the Abyss - undirected acausal energy, the effects of which (i.e. what results from its presencing in the causal ["on earth"]) are mostly unforeseen and often unwanted, the ritual itself being so structured (or rather unstructured) that little or no direction is given for the energies - they flow and presence according to their nature, the individual being a channel. [Note: this is what happens to a greater or lesser extent in external workings by an Initiate/External Adept re the 'acausal component' of the working.] Thus, the wyrd of the individual to some extent directs and/or disrupts the flow,

producing certain changes in the causal. The nature of these changes thus depends on that wyrd.

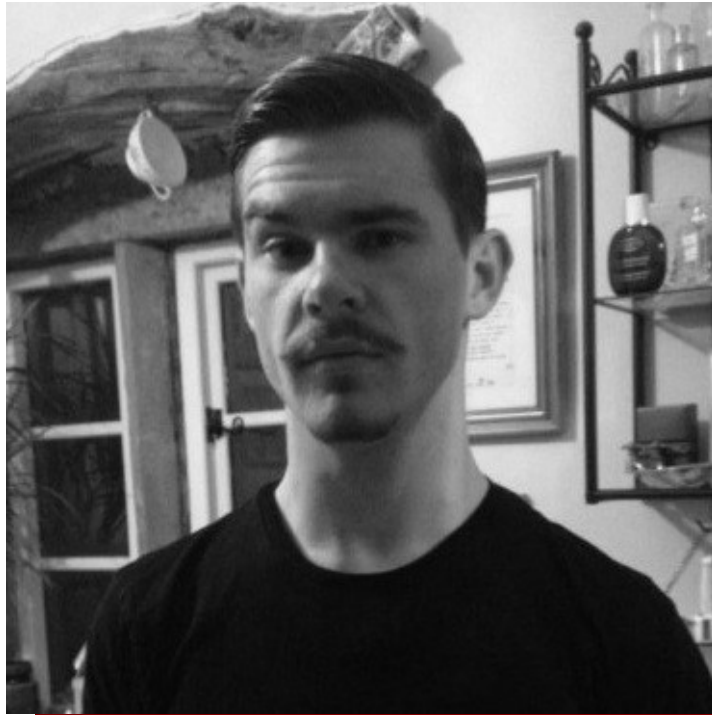
Thus the essence of magick - and hence sinister manipulation - is glimpsed and then apprehended in most for the first time. This enables both the causal and acausal components of the energies accessed via a magickal working to be controlled and manipulated and thus presented in the causal, and it is this which marks the true Adept: the internal Adept possesses the understanding, and the Master/Mistress can make that understanding real.

ONA



Enclosed & Silent Order

CONCERNING RYAN FLEMING



Recently an announcement was made concerning the appointment of Jall to the position of Outer Representative of the Order of Nine Angles as of September 2013ev. Although the details of this appointment have all been known internally and even externally in resources both print and electronic for some months now, it was only during the course of this more recent reiteration of said appointment (which, as noted prior, had already taken place) that began to provoke a most prodigious amount of wailing and moaning which is continuing to present.

The personage who seems to be chief attention-getter in this equation is a certain Ryan Fleming, who has alternately promised to “hunt this Jall [ONA Outer Representative] to the ends of the earth”, claimed to be the person behind the presumed pseudonym, “opfer” said ONA Outer Representative and perhaps, most colorfully, challenged a member of the Inner ONA to a “duel” for circulating the recent announcement – promptly abandoning his position once said Inner ONA individual accepted said challenge.

While Fleming accuses in a general fashion the person or persons responsible for circulating said announcement as engaging in “internet games” and “pretension” it seems that he – and a group of associates (one of whom is mildly notorious for their own hounding of the previous ONA Outer Rep and all of which makeup the lowest-brow of the ONA fringe) – are using their continued wailing and moaning to apparently forward their own little (and perhaps mildly pretentious) “internet game” which seems to be forwarding an agenda of asserting themselves as some sort of “leadership” within the ONA through the back-door, in stark contradistinction to the “anarchic” position they so boldly declaim in their statements.

Throughout all of the hysterics, the denunciations and hyperbole (up to and including threats of violence as mentioned prior, which have yet to see any tangible follow-through) what has not been forthcoming is any reaction nor indeed any participation whatsoever in these affairs by the lady in question who has recently assumed the role of Outer Representative. Nor has any of the countless persons rallying around Fleming even once attempted to contact directly the lady in question whether in a hostile or civil fashion. This in itself is highly indicative of the character – or lack thereof – of the individuals participating in the ill-wrought campaign of Fleming and co., who seem to thrive only at the hint of scandal and amidst the supercilious company of their equally mundane and verbose associates.

In final note, it is also worthy to mention that the primary associates of Fleming and co. include individuals whose sole notoriety has stemmed from their continual attacks on the traditions, mythos and history of the ONA while continuing to attach themselves, however tenuously, to the tradition, mythos and history of the ONA, without which they would most certainly disappear into obscurity. Thus is the parasitic need of those who, like the lamprey who attaches itself to the shark, would have no source of sustenance without that very being under whose banner they seek to carve out their own individual and perhaps more than mildly pretentious fiefdoms while also decrying the very formats which they, in their hubris, claim to be so far beyond.

Saturnyan, ONA, 124 Year of Fire

FORBIDDEN LOVE



Part 1

On the cusp of pubescence it was not a mystery to Astrid and Franziska, to themselves, that they were sexual creatures. Nor, did they think, it was to others - although the apparent, half-hearted denial of this fact by some of those who classified themselves as “adults” - based on some abstract, legal threshold regarding the same which apparently demarcated the line between those capable of rational decision making and those not - made them laugh, in their sinister way. For both of these sisters knew, these twins, could tell, when, under the guise of paternal affection their father or grandfathers, uncles and other male relatives would touch them in an apparent innocent fashion, or glance at them that such lines would be blurred - if, indeed, they ever existed in the first place. They - these empathic twins - could readily feel the desire that radiated through such presumably innocent touches, such presumably innocent glances for in fact, in such cases, little empathy was needed because what was simply *was* - natural, apparent, readily ascertained. And the twins did not hold this desire, this longing by others for their smooth, taut flesh; their youth, their gaiety; against these older males. What they did find to be equally amusing but more often than not maddening was the contradictory stance that was so often taken by these, who were taught how to wield condescension even amidst their praise and who would rail, in a rote, societally-approved fashion, against forbidden love when they, themselves, knew that it was such a forbidden love with them, both, that these same men yearned for.

The sisters knew themselves to be sexual, feeling and capable of ecstasies when they, alone in their room in the deepest parts of the evening or the sleepy, mist-shrouded early pre-dawn would touch each other, sensually. Not always simply softly, with tenderness, as males would often be wont to superimpose as the default and base pacing of their sort but sometimes roughly, with an edge of violence tinging their lust, with that roughness that two sisters of a spirited nature - oft to play but oft to fight - would readily, naturally exhibit.

The sisters knew themselves to be sexual, and calculating in their sexuality when they, on some occasions, would accost their brother, Martin, several years their junior and lead him, coach him - calculatingly - to touch their bodies, guiding his hands and placing them on secret places beneath their clothes and watch as he, his confusion, his embarrassment in his youthful naïveté led over time - via their prompting - to other vistas, other peregrinations of desire. The sisters knew themselves to be sexual, calculating and indeed predatory in their sexuality when they would at other times, with that roughness that siblings of a spirited nature - oft to play but oft to fight - molest him, bending his will to theirs, with a long feminine finger thrust penetrating, violating - orchestrating in him a distortion toward muliebral nature in the same way that a conductor would lead a symphony toward infernal heights at the crescendo of a Mussorgsky fantasy.

On a walk along a cobblestoned street one day in those cold days on the cusp of Spring when the air was still chill and the trees still barren of the green splendour to come, still marked by the Winter so recently passed, the sisters came upon a small bookshop tucked away along a narrow alleyway snaking out from the busy streets of the university town which they, along with their family, had come to visit in the concourse of accompanying their father on business. Their father, as appropriate, was in the midst of associated tasks on the campus itself and their mother was busy supervising their younger brother who was well preoccupied at a sweets-shop some blocks south leaving them together to wander at their leisure.

The bookshop caught their eye immediately upon passing not because of its rather worn, weathered and even somewhat decrepit wooden sign which hung above the green doorway nor by the lush foliage, well-trimmed and evergreen, which sprouted from the small garden boxes beneath either of its large windows. Peering through the windows however the sisters spied, with their grey-blue eyes glinting coldly but inquisitively in the midday sunlight, a curious cabinet marked "antiquities" upon which were placed figurines both large and small - some which appeared humanoid in appearance with others grotesqueries of a most inhuman shape and fashion.

Entering the shop through the battered green doorway, a ringing chime triggered, yet with no visible shopkeep making an appearance from amidst the cluttered shelves, the sisters proceeded to the cabinet which was located beside a narrow and winding staircase toward an upper floor of which they could glimpse a small portion from their current vantage point, apparently housing an even more cluttered assortment of printed items than apparent on the ground-level itself. The figurines in the cabinet were separated from the possibility of handling by customers by a thin layer of somewhat dusty commercial glass so Franziska raised her forearm to the surface, smearing off some of the dust with the sleeve of her denim jacket while Astrid glanced behind them to make sure that a surly owner or equally surly regular wasn't coming around a corner as Franziska did so.

Their ability to view increased by Franzi's cursory cleaning, the two sisters pressed their faces up against the glass, peering at the curious statues which hearkened as it were to another time, another place - both more numinous in nature than the doldrums of modernity yet also numinous in their extremity, as certain of the figures depicted in these sculptures seemed to be engaged in orgiastic rites of excess, blasphemy. Others exuded an air of unmistakable violence, intimidation, threat. As sexual creatures themselves, self-aware, yet christened as forbidden fruit by the laws of the state - such informed as the case may be by the laws of society and economic commodity; these depicted allusions toward such bygone orgiastic rites of excess and blasphemy, of beings possessed of such a violence, intimidation and threat, pleased them and provoked within them a lust and a yearning, not strange, but rather, familiar. Hands clasped together in one another's sisterly hands they

looked, soaking in the scenes and entities in miniature so depicted, seeking to remember them, to recall so that they, themselves, might bring about some similar spirit in their secret pastimes later, alone, together.

The sisters' reverie was interrupted by a sound to their left near the stairwell and they both simultaneously managed to peel their faces away from the glass of the cabinet just in time to see the tail end of a trench-coat disappear around the corner with an appreciable *swoosh*, followed by what sounded like a male voice humming to himself. Astrid and Franzi glanced at one another, facing each other and communicating a quizzical suggestion through their eyes without any verbal follow-through, as twin sisters frequently do, and then, with a simultaneous shrug, they too mounted the stairwell to see what awaited on the second floor.

Part 2

The second floor of the bookshop was very similar to the first except that it felt somehow more cloistered, a bit more stuffy and a bit more crowded than on the ground floor. The first perhaps because there were no open windows or passageways to the outside, though a faded stream of light from a closed, upper window shone down in a zig-zagging angle through its rather dirty pane, highlighting the swirling dust of the place within its lazy beams. The second, as to crowding, was no doubt due to the fact that even as the sisters had ascertained earlier from the most cursory of glances, this part of the shop was indeed even more cluttered than the rest.

Their quarry in the trench-coat had eluded them somehow or other as he was no longer in sight (they had lost visuals as he crested the top of the stairs), however from back amidst many sagging shelves and large tables laden with withering newspapers of the right-wing tabloid variety (Franzi noticed this first, her nose crinkling with some distaste at the discovery) they could hear that unmistakable humming and as such they proceeded to follow the sound to investigate further.

Near the very end of the far shelves the sound of the humming grew more pronounced, and rounding the corner in their zest, the sisters nearly toppled into the man in the trench-coat, who was crouched right on the other side examining the volumes on the lowermost shelf. Astrid and Franzi let out an involuntary cry as they ground themselves to a halt and the man in the trench-coat latched himself to the wooden-frame of the bookshelf, bracing himself for what would have inevitably been an American football-style pileup. Franzi cursed under her breath, drawing a reprimanding look from her older sister who muttered a more conservative *peinlich* in response to her sister's untoward comment and the situation in general. Seeing the man still crouched to the floor and muttering to himself as well, the sisters reached down together, an arm from both grasping either of his shoulders and pulling him up, much to his protestations that he was quite all right.

Raised up to his full-height, which was, all in all, not that much taller than the two sisters, the man presented a somewhat curious figure, though not one that would be incongruous in a book shop of this sort, that is to say, an old, more classical bookshop, sans the brightly-lit interiors and elaborate cappuccino bars so beloved to inhabit and quaff (in regard to the latter) by the metropolitan smart-set. The first thing the girls noticed was a strikingly bushy, ginger beard and greenish-eyes bearing somewhat of a thousand-yard stare (no doubt due to the recent and sudden interruption) peering out from behind his round spectacles which met their own, glinty, grey-blue eyes in turn. The man very politely apologised and it seemed only appropriate for the girls to insist in fact that the near

collision was their fault entirely (they did not, however, admit to stalking him - though he himself could probably well enough recognise that fact by his own recognisance).

Finding a way to extract himself from their company - albeit politely so - the man looked down at his wrist-watch and made a slight *tsk tsk* noise and noting that he had somewhere important to be almost immediately. Thus he left them, but not before shaking their hands, politely, in turn, and then proceeding out from betwixt the narrow bookshelves and back toward the stairwell (the sisters at this juncture stood well to the side giving him an ample berth for a successful departure without any undue bumping, though Astrid did feel the slightest touch of the man's coat brush her hand as he began his departure).

The stranger having thus been roundly hunted, cornered and loosed by the sisters, they turned their intention instead to the lowermost bookshelf which he had only briefly before been perusing and then they too crouched down among the well-worn, second-hand tomes to see if they themselves might find something of interest and perhaps even an indicator of the character of the rather elusive figure who had so recently departed.

Part 3

The sisters had been surprised, after searching through the volumes previously being examined by the man in the trench-coat, to see that the section itself dealt with what would be termed in usual parlance as concerning itself with "Black Magick" - thus perhaps its rather tucked-away placement in respect to the rest of the shop and also, perhaps, a contributing factor to the rather alarmed reaction of the man when found there by the sisters (the possibility of physical collision notwithstanding, however).

A few of the volumes in particular, with the purported authorship of a certain Order labelling itself as "Traditional Satanist" in general orientation yet claiming roots in an alleged aural tradition stemming from Ancient Albion in the British Isles took their especial fancy. However, with no excess of pocket-money and their rucksacks having been stowed in the boot of their father's automobile (the absence of such luggage on their persons' disallowing the remote possibility of any undetected theft, despite the relative quiet of the place), they settled for second-best - taking note of the name of the organisation in question and promising each other to research further - via the medium of the internet - once out from the university town and back home in their own room, in their own house.

The ride home was uneventful, though their brother Martin, having been well fortified by an extended luncheon at the sweets-shop followed by a formal family dinner at the hotel restaurant on Beaumont St. (during which there was also an ample dessert following the meal itself) was very lively, somewhat disconcertingly so, especially since he was seated between them on the rather small backseat of the family sedan as it speeded along the dark thoroughfare northward to their home, still some hours away. Remembering between themselves the scenes depicted in the design of the statues they had observed earlier at the bookshop and seemingly communicating, non-verbally, as twin sisters are oft to do, Astrid and Franziska stretched a hand both outward, settling them on either thigh of their younger brother and began rubbing, softly, but with intent. Initially Martin's reaction seemed somewhat startled, but then, as they began rubbing with more enthusiasm, albeit gently, he met their own sly glances with a sly glance of his own and soon enough closed his eyes in pleasure, lost in his own private reverie - prompted to no small degree by his older sisters' intentful ministrations.

Their mother and father glanced backward at them, surreptitiously, through the rear-view mirror and smiled to themselves, pleased, as parents are oft to do when seeing that their children are meeting their expectations of behaviour and then, after, began to engage themselves in low conversation, politely so for their son, whose eyes were closed (apparently in rest) and for their twin daughters whose attention lay upon the churning, dark forests visible through the back windows of the sedan on either side respectively, their breaths steaming against the cold windows of that early Spring and their fingers, those which were not resting upon the body of their sibling, those twin fingers sometimes drawing, from memory, certain sigils and insignias which they had viewed - albeit briefly - in those tomes housed in the bookshop along Sheep Street amidst the waning afternoon in that southerly campus town.

Eventually the family arrived safely at their destination, that house on the outskirts of a somewhat rural farm which marked the principal landmark of the area, the sedan slowly grinding upon the packed rocks rendered from perhaps far-off quarries and the lights of the headlights casting their incandescent glow upon the front of that old house which had been their domicile now for some years. The sisters, gently, roused their younger sibling from his reverie, snaking their knowing hands up from his thighs across his youthful stomach and chest and resting them, much as they had done (yet more gingerly) upon the man in the trench-coat earlier in that coolfull, early Spring afternoon, shaking him, politely so, awake, before proceeding together, as a family, into the house - their arrival greeted with a marked meowling from the twins' favourite tom-cat, who had somehow or other ensconced himself within the interior of their domicile prior to their departure earlier the day before.

Part 4

With their brother now in bed and their parents enjoying a glass of wine in the downstairs den, the sisters had the rest of the evening to themselves to do with as they wished. With little ado other than throwing their rucksacks upon their respective single beds, which sat to either side of a large plush rug and letting in their favourite tom-cat, who indicated his desire to enter with a furtive scratching at their door, the sisters pulled up a chair on either side of their shared desktop computer and began searching for information concerning that certain Order which they had read about, earlier.

As the girls read they began to ascertain somewhat of the nature of the books that they had encountered as much of the writings associated with that Order and its associated subject matter seemed to be readily available and much talked about online. The discussions concerning the alleged origins in antiquity of the group in question and the practices related to the same they found to be non-plussing in the extreme, with little to catch their imagination and with some of the more base argumentative threads regarding the same seeming somewhat familiar to the sorts of controversies they observed among their own schoolmates, yet somewhat less adept in general.

The visual artwork, allegedly depicting or attempting to depict the energies associated with the pantheon of the group, known as the "Dark Gods" they found much more interesting, although few except the most extreme of such depictions seemed to match the sort of sinister energy and posture which had been exhibited so starkly in the designs they had seen on the figurines in the antiquities cabinet that afternoon, though certain of the sigils and symbols seemed to possess in themselves a dread potency, indicative of some potentially disastrous dark forces that waited, patiently, just beyond the boundaries of their three-dimensional world.

The few polemical articles that they found concerning the status of their own demographic, that of youth, in connection to the group in question made them laugh, in their sinister way, though somewhat derisively so. One in particular dealing with the subject of “Satanic child abuse” and disavowing the same (while stating that those of their own age bracket were in fact not possessed of the cognitive abilities to make decisions on whether or whether not to participate in certain activities) amused them particularly. On the one hand the sisters could understand that the group was, at the time of writing perhaps, that time of the great Satanic child-abuse scares, tactically exempting themselves from such activities, yet they were also amused because they knew, from even cursory research, that at the end of that decade such scares were in fact farcical - and even contrived by children, themselves, mischievous children who relished in creating scandal in the world of “adults” - those thinking, decisive, rational creatures that they supposedly were. One case in particular came to mind, that of Edenton, which was not dissimilar in many ways to the way that the girls of a long-ago Massachusetts town had also created a much more pronounced and eventually deadly scandal with a similar stratagem, the sly smiles of the children betwixt themselves unseen by those adults who positioned themselves so very far above them and who believed them to be their protectors.

Soon they tired of scrolling through those countless articles which, although purporting to be the work of a mostly-female organisation, they felt, instinctively, was probably more than likely the work of men - perhaps not dissimilar to the man in the trench-coat that they had encountered in that bookshop along Sheep Street earlier on that afternoon of early Spring. They did however come across certain stories, purportedly exhibiting certain “occult” lessons in narrative format (thus the “occult” aspect of the lessons’ transmission) which they found to be provocative - for their atmosphere, their sexuality, their violence seemed to exhibit that same atmosphere, that sexuality, that violence which they, themselves, knew themselves to possess and understood - intrinsically - that they were capable of wielding.

Astrid left Franzl alone at the keyboard and stole downstairs to prepare them both a cup of tea, passing quietly their father, Sepp, who lay in a contented yet somewhat drunken state in his chair in the den, a freshly opened bottle of Glenfiddich sitting beside two empty wine-glasses, their mother having apparently long since retired for the evening. The water boiled and the tea now steeping in the Brown Betty, Astrid left the kitchen along with two mugs and passed quietly by their sleeping father (but not before pouring a dollop of the single-malt to fortify her and her older sister’s beverage) before mounting the stairwell to their shared room at the top.

For the next few hours the two sisters took turns reading to one another from the stories that they had found, stories full of a myriad of characters involved in various circumstances - often sinister in nature - all of which seemed to be set in various locales within that land where the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough which they, themselves, now inhabited, albeit for a time.

As the night wore on and the subject matter of their reading, the exertions of the day and that small, stolen portion of life’s waters from their father’s bottle all conspired to draw them to their evening’s rest they found that this satisfied, lazy fatigue created in them a burgeoning, rising lust. Not only a lust as was usual between them, for sisters of their sort, but a lust to do the sort of deeds they read about in those stories - a fanatic desire to become like those entities which they had seen depicted in the bookshop and which certain individuals - sometimes acting in concert but more often acting alone, in secret - sought to bring to physical manifestation on the earth, loosening them from whatever foul corner of deepest space where they were now imprisoned. With these thoughts and others churning

within their minds the sisters rose and tenderly, yet intently, stripped one another of their garments before they stood before each other naked, the shadow of their tom-cat sitting upon the open window-ledge and the cool lunar rays of the an early Spring moon, nearly full, cast upon their youthful bodies.

Kissing each other, mouth pressed to sisterly mouth and tongue probing sisterly tongue, they embraced, lowering themselves onto the plush rug which lay between their beds. As their passion became more inflamed Franzi reached her hand downward and began slowly massaging her younger sister as her younger sister, in turn, brought her own hand around behind her older sister, cradling her posterior and then inserting one finger and then another to that forbidden place between, the arousal through such means being Astrid's particular proclivity. Through their shared love, though it had been shared many times before and would many times after, on this night in particular their act seemed to them - within their apprehension -yet not verbally relayed to one another - to mark the sealing of a pact - a pact between two devils, the likes of which even purported servants of the same were apt to fear.

To the far side of the room a shadow was cast and Astrid and Franzi turned their heads to see their father standing in the doorway to their room, the door cracked open and his face bearing a look of incredulity, yet in the pools of his eyes, deeper down, something more. With eyes deep with affection and deep with calculating intent the sisters extended each a hand toward him, and their father, closing the door behind him, walked towards his daughters and lowered himself down between them, surrendering to their embrace.

R. Merrick

1.) “Children have not always been perceived as a protected commodity in a puritanical society, as they are now. Current morality seeks to protect children not so much due to their inherent innocence (which is arguable), but so they can be carefully moulded by mundane standards in order to play their part in the economical structure, going through each stage of the same motions, same development, from childhood to teen years, to early adulthood onward, limited by their adherence to seeking base material success. Sex is one more commodity in this equation, and when its acceptable standards are bent, its stranglehold is threatened. Children have been economic pawns throughout history, and really there is more precedence for young children being married off and breeding early than there is for the current model of their "protection" -- which has more to do with protecting and extending their interest in the schema of mundane society. Some may see certain imagery of children on the above blog as exploitative. Welcome to the world; it is an exploitative place. If something as simple as a child being sexualized is enough to cause squirming, disgust, and fear, then perhaps it's time to ask why, and where these morals come from, and what their worth really is.”

2.) “(δ) that there is no conformity to conventional social/moral rôles but rather certain accepted practices.”

(δ) “means that women often tend to run/govern/provide for the family/farm; that relationships between two women - and between siblings and cousins - are not unusual, and if and when they occur are not condemned and are not even remarked upon; and that there was/is no distinction of social class between those ‘of the gift’.” - *The Rounwytha Way in History and Modern Context*

DARKNESS IS MY FRIEND:

THE TRUE MEANING OF THE SINISTER WAY

Contrary to a current and growing misconception, the Sinister Way (and Sinister Magick) involves *practical* acts of darkness, of heresy, of chaos - involving such things as human sacrifice. The Sinister Way does not simply involve the study of folk-traditions, of myths, of magick, of esoteric subjects, as it does *not* just involve individuals or groups experiencing (or claiming they have experienced) a certain "atmosphere" in certain "surroundings" which they or others believe or assume to be "sinister". Furthermore, the Sinister Way means the wholehearted acceptance, by the Sinister Initiate and Adept, of that particular way of living which has for centuries been called "Satanic".

The Sinister Way is still intrinsically Satanic because the Satanic archetype/mythos/image - the very *Being*, or life, which has been named Satan - still exists, still lives, and is still a *becoming*. This is so because this Being is part of the present civilization, and its Aeon, which still exists, and which will exist for several more centuries, albeit toward its decline and end. This Being is the ethos of Heresy for this present civilization of ours - the presencing of the Dark, the Sinister, and thus a practical manifestation, in the world, of the workings of the sinister dialectic: a means to bring change, imbue life, and initiate further evolution. Those who do not understand this, quite simply do not understand Aeons and the sinister dialectic itself.

However, it needs to be further understood that the acausal energies of the *next* Aeon, which will give rise to a new civilization centuries after, are already becoming manifest, partly through the work of esoteric groups who, knowingly or unknowingly, are nexions for the new energies waiting to be unleashed upon this world of ours. The Sinister ethos of this new Aeon is an apprehension of the acausal - the Sinister - itself. This apprehension is beyond a descriptive word or words, beyond a name and even beyond an archetypal image. It is initially - for the first century or so - a *numinous symbol*. This is because this new manifestation of the Sinister is a new type of Being, a new type of life presenced on this planet of ours, and presenced by our very lives, as human beings - and will thus go with us, and be manifest, wherever we go beyond the confines of this planet we call Earth. And yet this new manifestation, this new ethos, incorporates what will then be the "old" archetypal image of Satan - in the simplistic allegorical sense, the new type of Being will be the child or children of Satan, grown to maturity; a child or children born from the symbiosis with those Sinister Adepts existing now or in the near future.

Thus to scorn and reject what now *is*, presenced as the Satanic, is to reject what is yet to be - and thus it is to reject that which alone ensures the creation of the next civilization, its Galactic Empire and the new higher race of human beings we through our lives, our magick and our deeds, desire to create.

The reality of the present (and the next fifty to an hundred years or so) is that the majority need to be changed; they need to become human - and thus develop the potential latent within most. Only by such a change - in more than a few Initiates or Adepts - can the next civilization arise. It will not just "happen" - it has to be created, constructed, and controlled by Sinister Adepts who know what they are doing. The change that is necessary means that

there must be a culling, or many cullings, which remove the worthless and those detrimental to further evolution. To change, the majority must be provoked into changing. This means them experiencing, confronting the shadows within and the shadows without; thus must the Sinister be made manifest for them, and in them. This requires Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts "to presence the dark". Furthermore, the causal structures the majority rely on, such as societies, need to be changed, via the creative/sinister dialectic, and thus by such dark presencing. In these things, the Being which is Satan is important, and vital - a valid apprehension for the majority, and their means of change through provocation, heresy and direct presencing of the Sinister.

At the same time, the new Aeonic apprehension which is arising among Adepts must be nurtured, and expanded. As mentioned above, this new apprehension is even now being born from the one which still *is*. In *Initiate* (and exoteric) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of Satan as *one* of the Dark Gods (or even as the Father of the Dark Gods) and a further understanding of the Dark Gods themselves as chaotic, primal, sinister entities which provoke, create, cause change and evolution, and without which evolution is impossible. In esoteric (and Adept) terms, this new apprehension is an understanding of the Dark Gods as causal manifestations, a presencing, of acausal energy - and a further understanding of how such acausal energy *is* the very life, the very Being, of both us as human beings, and of the cosmos itself.

ESOTERIC GROUPS AND THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE

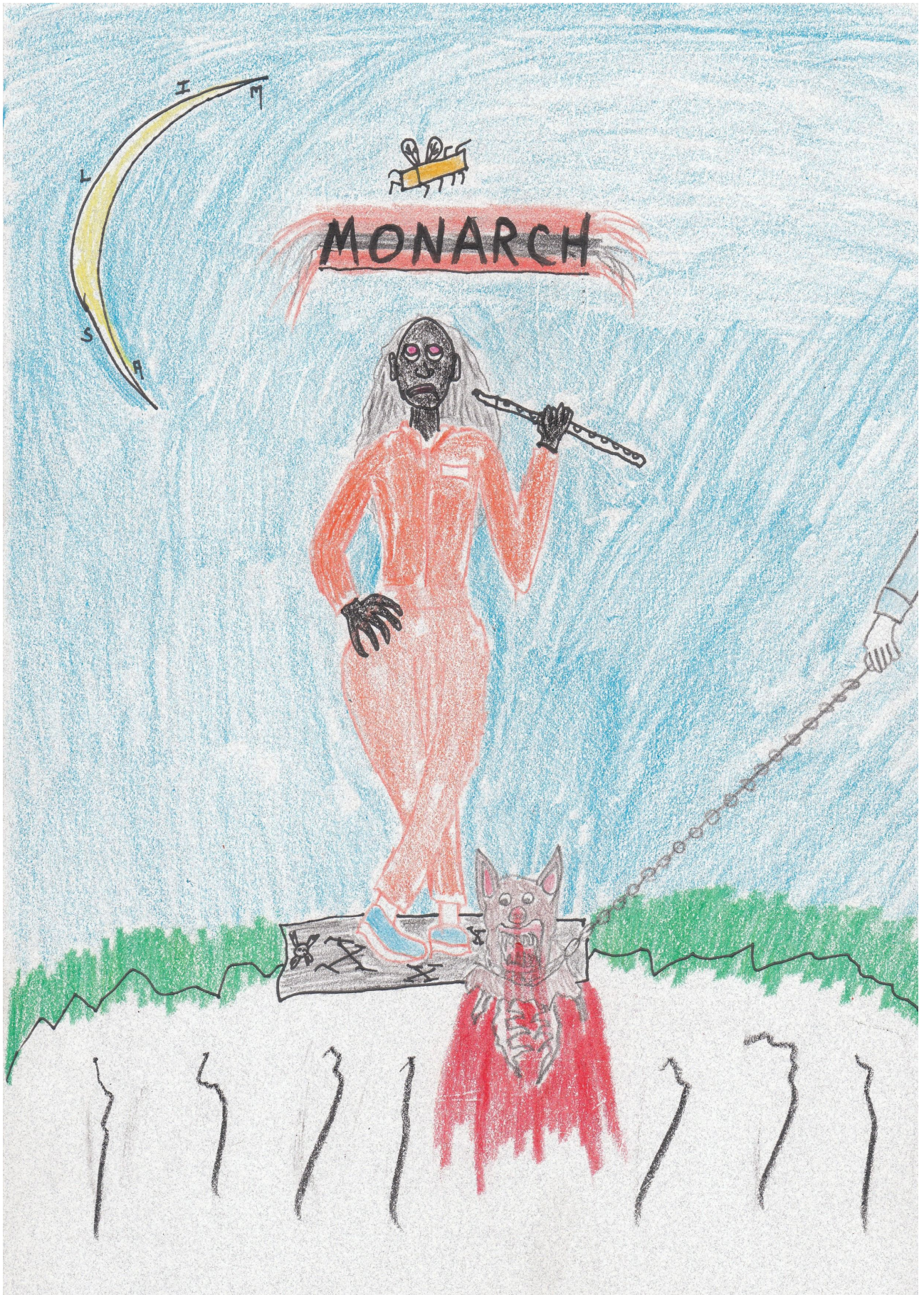
At this precise moment in our own human evolution, Sinister esoteric groups are in a unique position - capable of rationally understanding Aeonic processes, and poised between the birth of a new Aeon, and the end and destruction of the old. The new Aeon means a new, and higher, *Galactic* civilization - several centuries *after* the energies of the new Aeon first become manifest and are presenced, via new nexions. The decline and ending of the current Aeon means the establishment of a new and expanding physical Empire: a New Order which is the last and most glorious manifestation of the genuine spirit, or ethos, of the old Aeon. Sinister esoteric groups must understand such things as these, and then act upon that understanding, esoterically and exoterically.

Thus they must understand that for the next higher civilization to arise - created by and imbued with the energies of the new Aeon - our present societies *must* change or be changed. The Faustian/Promethean (or more correctly, the Satanic) Destiny of this current civilization must be returned, and the present cultural disease affecting this civilization cured, with the excision of the parasites sucking the life-blood of this civilization - for only this returning of Destiny will enable the Empire to be created, and only this Empire will breed *in sufficient numbers* the new type of individual required to create, build and expand the entirely new *Galactic* civilization and Galactic Empire which will arise from the eventual decline of the old Promethean/Faustian Empire.

Hence there are three main tasks for Sinister esoteric groups. (1) To provoke or cause, through both practical and magickal means, the destruction, the Ragnorak, which is necessary now to build a New Order from the diseased society of the present, and regain the ethos, the Destiny, which is necessary to inspire the creation of such a New Order. (2)

To presence the Sinister energies of the new Aeon in particular places and through new *living* nexions. (3) To cause at least some of the now sub-human majority of our species to change, to evolve. This change can be achieved in two ways: (a) by presencing the dark which now *is* (Satan) and presencing the dark which *can and will be* (the primal cosmic acausal - "the Dark Gods"); and (b) by individuals following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way to Adeptship and beyond.

Anton Long, 107yf



ATU O – THE FOOL
(Wendy Padbury)

INSIGHT ROLES:

A SATANIC PRACTISE REVISITED

Satanists have, for well over two decades, to wit, been advised - *recommended* (emphasis intentional) - toward practising Insight Roles - as not an optional but in fact, *quintessential* aid towards self-development of the Satanic sort.

Within the Inner ONA it is well-known, well-documented (by their own exploits, or lack thereof) who has - and who has not - availed themselves of such a venture (or more appropriately for those so availing themselves of this centuries-long practise, *ventures* - in the plural).

It is also clear that many have attempted (emphasis here on “attempt”), in the most peripheral fashion possible, such Insight Roles, falling squarely in the red as to effecting a real - a determined - accomplishment of the same.

And how many more have simply abandoned the task altogether? Those, inevitably, know who they are.

For the objective - in a Sinister context - both in the context of personal, Satanic self-development and latter (and as appropriate to more advanced grades along the Way) - in an Aeonic and as such, deucedly supra-personal context - involves a real immersion, a real living of that role so chosen, far removed from the apropos (in the modern context, often “virtual”) of one’s fellow “occult” comrades and inducing not only significant friction - but indeed, a very real alienation - from those whom one may be personally close to in normative circumstances (read: family, spouses, employers, et al.).

How many of you have known someone - or known of someone - perhaps even someone claiming to be a part of an “ONA elite” or similar-stated circumstance - whose “Insight Role” has consisted of nothing but something declared, albeit egregiously so, via paper only - or even worse, via a “virtual” affirmation of the same? Does an application submitted, to a group, perhaps hundreds (or often thousands) of miles away from one’s physical person, voicing an “extremist” posture, signify a legitimate engagement in an Insight Role, according to the strictures explicated for decades?

Does a mere reading about, or cosmetic affirmation of an inherently heretical creed - minus the on-the-ground toiling, minus the very immediate, real-world and dangerous involvement with the same (which will often, in more cases than not, haunt one for the remainder of their causal life-span) - constitute a realistic, a Satanic and indeed a self-development, albeit harsh (and sometimes very harsh) in effect as a means to achieve Insight - such which is the purpose, the point of Insight Roles as explicated and promulgated by the Order?

One of the aspects of the practise of Insight Roles which has been ignored - again and again - is that such a role (with the only exception being perhaps when pursuing an Aeonic Insight Role, detailed in the Order MSS *Aeonic Insight Roles*, 114yf - revised 117yf) should “be at odds with the individuals’ own feelings and view of the world.” To be perfectly clear here, as one example (an example which more than like bears repeating), if one is *already* a professed National-Socialist (or even *inclined* to National-Socialism) then joining an

“organization of the extreme ‘Right’” is invalid as an Insight Role (at least at that particular juncture).

Insight Roles are meant to be hard, meant to be exacting - meant to test one’s mettle and go against the grain of what one has hitherto conceptualised about one’s own nature, one’s own beliefs, one’s own proclivities - to go against the grain of what one considers to be innately inherent to themselves. For in order to undertake an Insight Role as they should be undertaken - to harvest the profound insight that can be gotten from such a practise - it should be remembered, as stated in the ONA MS “Insight Roles”:

“To succeed, you must let go of all of your previous opinions, beliefs and ideas. Forget everything assumed about people who naturally adopt the role you have chosen - just accept them, as they are. This will be very difficult. The role is an ordeal - a kind of second Initiation, and you can only become free, and ready for Adeptship, by losing your past.”

As has been said before yet bears repeating for the current crop of would-be Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts, there is *no substitute* for the type of practical learning that can be had through undertaking an Insight Role, a practise so challenging, so demanding and oftentimes dangerous.

When undertaking an Insight Role there is no need - and is even proscribed by certain ONA MSS concerning the same - to undertake workings of the “occult” variety because “the Insight Role is itself a powerful (and highly dangerous) magickal ritual of ‘internal’ (or alchemical) magick.” [ibid] This means that undertaking an Insight Role necessitates that one leave behind their overtly “occult” trappings - their overtly “occult” associates - their overtly “occult” possessions, even if (or rather more correctly stated, especially so) if these have become a psychological comfort, a peer group of no small attachment and items which have become fetishistic to oneself, respectively.

Insight Roles force a person to leave behind the elementary (and sometimes bewildering) atmosphere of the neophyte and to take a step out into the real-world, provoking one toward real, tangible action. Such roles force one to begin living Satanically in the only arena in which one can only do so in a genuine fashion, an arena filled with risk, challenge - a chance for self-overcoming, a chance for testing one’s limits, an opportunity towards real exultation through real, zestful Satanic living.

Insight Roles - those of a genuinely Satanic nature as listed comprehensively in various ONA MSS - undertaken not half-heartedly but with the full force of an elan and indeed a fanaticism as befitting a Satanist of the genuine type - will become pillars of one’s Destiny, shaping the character of the Satanist in such a fashion that marks them as fundamentally different from the dross of the mundane and by their very living plant the seeds for a human being of a higher type, thus aiding the fulfillment of one of the primary aims of the Sinister Dialectic of history.

Those who undertake, during the concourse of their Sinister Quest, multiple Insight Roles (which can often be undertaken back-to-back, in succession, over a period of several years) (1), will not produce an individual that is considered “safe” nor in many cases reliable in the societal sense of the term - certainly not safe in the eyes of society, the state and even moreso for that noxious demographic of weak, puerile and ineffective so-called “Satanists” whose claim to the name is their ability to petrify themselves perpetually as neophytes (or even would-be neophytes).

The onus - the responsibility - for such practise lies, as ever, upon the individual adherent

of the Sinister Way. The results of such an arduous and difficult path await as the legacy - for some, still incipient - of the path toward Adeptship and beyond and as a marker along that hard road that constitutes the ONA, the Satanic and the Sinister, in quintessence.

Jall, ONA

Notes

Recommend reading:

Aeonic Insight Roles, ONA 114yf (Revised 117yf)

Insight Roles: The Secret Guide (1985eh)

(1) An example of successive Insight Roles (that is to say one after another, over a several year period) undertaken by a person known to the author include:

a.) Enlisting and engaging in training on a paid basis with a military branch (also including training with an ancillary military branch with use of appropriate government identification and bona fide's in place) in a nation then on war-footing.

b.) Joining and becoming an active member of a left-wing communist group of the "Trotskyite" tendency.

c.) Becoming familiar with and then seeking membership with a (then) preeminent organization of the National-Socialist variety, later becoming a paid full-time staffer at their National HQ, along with all that would entail.

SINISTER SHADOW MAGICK

Satanism is dark, and Satanists *revel in evil*. As a word, evil is regarded as deriving from the Gothic (via Old English) “ublis” implying “beyond” and “going beyond due limits”. Later, the word – like so many others – was re-interpreted “morally”, in the abstract terms of Nazarene fundamentalism and “evil” became a general term, applied to one’s opponents and those excesses which terrified and physically ailing Nazarenes feared.

Genuine Satanists do evil, they cultivate evil: they are evil, in all senses of the term now accepted. Imitation Satanists, however, play mental and intellectual games: they enjoy the “thrill” of calling themselves Satanists. Some go further, and may revel in local notoriety, finding a vicarious pleasure in being known as a “Satanist”. But these imposters do no evil – in fact, they explain (quite often) that Satanism has been misunderstood and is really rather a “moral religion” (or something of the kind), perhaps an “ethical knowledge”. Such people are pathetic – and certainly not Satanists.

In the beginning, a genuine Satanist will cultivate evil on a personal level – by going to and thus finding his or her limits. This involves more than just going beyond the (accepted) limits imposed by society or whatever. It means experience, on the practical level, of evil and all that it implies. Later, when the Satanic novice has some experience and thus self-understanding and mastery, there is an impersonal evil. The first is Sinister Shadow Magick of the external and internal kind. The second is Sinister Shadow Magick of the Aeonian type – the manipulation, changing, of individuals and events on a not insignificant scale, that is, one which produces tangible results and often disruption/creation/evolution and thus continues the Sinister Dialectic of history. This is called “Shadow Magick” not only because it is mostly secretly done, but also because it is dangerous, physically, involving as it does acts of defiance against restrictions imposed by all other forms and individuals.

Neither of these mean a type of juvenile “rebellion” nor purely “mental” acts (achieved by ritual or anything else). They mean a directed, calculating, purposeful involvement in real life and situations: for the beginner Satanist (the novice) just as much as the Adept. What differs, is the aim – at first, it is personal, to aid self-mastery, understanding and thus build Satanic character; then it is impersonal or aeonic. Thus one image of the genuine Satanist – someone in control, seeking mastery of life; seeking more challenges and goals and insights.

Let me be explicit so I cannot be misunderstood.

1 – The Satanic novice will aspire – to what is beyond, in all things. This means personal experience, testing Destiny and achieving difficult goals in personal life. It means real danger in the real world, not cheap manufactured “thrills” of self-induced stupor and loss of control – but rather, life and liberty threatening situations. These may be and often are amoral, illegal and evil – all laws are “fundamentally an accumulation of tireless attempts to stop creative individuals making life into instants of poetry”.

Naturally, some guidance may be needed – it is easy to become lost, directionless or caught – and this is where the advice of a more experienced Satanic Adept may be useful. However, the acts of a Satanist are not random nor motiveless and neither do they arise from fulfilling Satanic Wyrð – or, viewed another way, from presencing the energies of “darkness”/Satan on the Earth with sinister intent.

An example will explicate this. A Satanic novice, having developed to a certain extent via ordeals such as Grade Rituals, the achievement of personal, physical goals and the organizing and running a Satanic Temple, desires to go further. For this, practical experience and some guidance is needed. Let us assume the novice is advised or chooses to use a political form to achieve this experience – and thus becomes involved with radical “right wing” politics because such people already possess an element or two of Satanic spirit, the “other sides” in this form and at this moment in the history of this aeon representing the Nazarene disease in another guise. Thus, she takes part in direct political actions – this is both exciting and dangerous, given the prevailing sickness of the age. Gradually she acquires practical experience “on the edge”, and hopefully some real, tangible enemies if she is performing right. These enemies hate her for her political views – and some of them may eventually try to harm her physically. For they not only threaten her destiny and thus achievement, but also Satanic Wyrð, because she is by her actions fulfilling higher, Satanic goals (in simple terms, presencing the darker forces via a tangible form). This fulfilling is expressed in the form she is guided toward or chooses for herself via a knowledge of Aeonics. On the practical level, she can and should undertake magical rites (such as the Death Ritual) to aid her – by other means can be used, such as assassination. She may wish to do this herself or she may manipulate others into doing it. The result is the same – personal experience and development, and aeonic energies presenced via the execution of the act. Thus her own evolution, and that of the acausal or sinister, furthered.

Given the nature of the form chosen, this Satanic novice, by using such a form to the utmost of her ability (that is, seeing it as fulfilling a part of her own Destiny – conventionally, “believing the correctness of the views espoused”) goes beyond the norms of society and its herd majority and thus achieves personal knowledge of the illegal and forbidden (in that society).

2 – Beyond this, when Adeptship is attained by experiences such as the foregoing, the Satanist will try and open a nexion – to directly access acausal energies on Earth via rites such as Nine Angles etc. This is the beginning of Aeonic Shadow Magick – and involves an even greater commitment to change than before, on the practical level. What form or forms this takes depends on individual wyrð, discovered by the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept and prepared for by previous rites, and experiences. It may be political, as it may be the use/manipulation of archetypal forms/images with sinister intent – or involve using a “religion” as a Satanic instrument of change. Whatever the form, the changes are supra-personal – they effect more than a few individuals. In fact, they radically disrupt existing forms and norms. For example, a political form may be chosen and used. After some time, violence, riots somewhere, the spread of a new idea...The rising of a type of State in essence inspired with sinister energies and thus contributing to aeonic evolution...Perhaps a war, to propitiate the darker forces...

Thus, it will be understood that Satanists act in a directed way, whether they are novices or

Adepts. Their evil has a purpose (as Satan Himself does – as do THEY who are beyond Him have a purpose, on this Earth). The acts, and the evil, arise from a Satanic desire and understanding made real in a practical form or forms. The going beyond, the evil, are part of Satanic Wyrð – on the personal and aeonic level. I repeat – they are not directionless, motiveless acts, nor do they arise because the person doing them is somehow inadequate or weak or in the thrall of some uncontrolled desire. (The conventional description of Satanic deeds and “crime”: most so-called Satanic crimes are acts by dabblers who have no self-insight and even less self-control; the rest, results from characterless, insipid morons who are weak. Such description and such attritions arise from fundamental understanding of genuine Satanic acts.) The Satanist is controlled – knowledgeable, particularly about themselves and what Satanism means in supra-personal terms. They are part of history – participants in a Sinister Dialectic of supra-aeonic proportions, and aware of the power of the sinister to change both themselves and those forms which others through the ages have created to shape our evolution or which (like the Nazarene disease) hinder our evolution.

ONA

IN DEFIANCE OF DISHONOUR:

DAVID MYATT ADDRESSES THE ARYAN NATIONS



"More recently, he has been called, by various Journalists, "a deeply subversive intellectual", "a dangerous man", and "a theoretician of terror" having written several practical terrorist guides, and having supported such people as Usama bin Laden. One journalist who went to interview Myatt - fearful of Myatt's reputation as a man of violence - even took along a former SAS man as a bodyguard." - (statement regarding David Myatt by Julie Wright)

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The following interview with David Myatt was conducted by Wulfran Hall for AN/TOPP -
19 February 116yf

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One of the problems that faces the movement today in Amerika is the fact that the ideals - the vision - that once inspired Herculean acts of bravery - and terror - in the past, no longer seem to possess the necessary psychic force to animate and inspire our comrades to execute - and surpass - the work and deeds of previous decades. The 'educational' aspect of the movement in this land has been overdone to the point of absurdity... our comrades already know what they need to know about the problematic end of things. The religions which once inspired men to action no longer sustain the attention span of the majority of racialists. Where does a solution lie?

Taking into account the difference between Amerika and Europe in terms of their collective character, what sort of ideas and creeds will serve to rouse the racially aware out of their lethargy in this land specifically?

The major problem here is that the majority have lost contact with their Aryan ethos - their natural, Aryan, character. Part of this is because we have become urbanized and domesticated - that is, soft and decadent, and cocooned from Nature, from those forces which are beyond us, as individuals.

In a very important way, we have lost contact with The Numinous, with The Divine - we have become arrogant, and have committed and are committing what the ancient Greeks called hubris. Our societies are now constructed and maintained to produce basically character-less men and women who have little or no connection to their homelands, little or no connection to their ancestors, to Nature, and to their own unique racial ethos, their own unique racial culture, and certainly little or no knowledge of, and respect, for what is Divine.

Thus, our own young men and women seldom if ever get to feel part of a real, living, ancestral community - full of Aryan traditions - as they seldom if ever are presented with real Aryan heroes and heroines to admire. In addition, they have little or no knowledge of our own unique Aryan values - of how we should behave, as Aryans. That is, they do not know about honour, loyalty and duty; about using their will to do what is honourable; about their natural duty to their folk. Instead, our young men and women admire some "entertainer" or some person involved with some sport - or some fictional person portrayed in some film or on television, just as the values they are taught are un-Aryan.

The truth is that our societies have been socially engineered to do this - they are no longer, in any way at all, Aryan societies. Rather, they are societies based upon the social doctrines invented by, and beloved, of the Jews - social doctrines which formed the basis for Marxian socialism, and communism, and which form the basis for what is termed "political correctness". In addition, should some of our people, of our youth, be drawn toward their own Aryan nature, their own natural warrior ethos - exemplified as that was in modern times by National-Socialist Germany - then there is the Jewish dogma of the lie of the holocaust to brainwash them with and bring them back toward the profane materialism of the decadent consumer-capitalist society.

But even given all this social engineering, all this indoctrination, the lie of the holocaust; even given our rootless profane urban modern way of life - even given all these things, there are still some of our people who have found their inner Aryan soul; who are drawn toward our Aryan warrior ethos, and this gives me renewed hope, as it did in the days of organizations like Combat 18, which organization was founded by, and which organization attracted, those who had, by nature, the right Aryan instincts, the right Aryan attitude to life.

What is the solution? To know what being Aryan means; to live like an Aryan; to behave like an Aryan. These are the most important things. What is Aryan? Honour, loyalty, and doing our duty to our folk. These three things - honour, loyalty and duty - should guide us, as we should and must know them, feel them, in our hearts, in our very being. When we

uphold them - we are Aryan, and immune to the Jewish disease. When we abandon them - we have lost our way, we have lost our Aryan identity. When we uphold them - we behave like Aryans; we are strong. When we abandon them - we are decadent and weak.

Yet it is important to know that these - our Aryan values - mean and imply two other things. They mean and imply that we use our will to consciously change ourselves - that is, that we strive to be strong, and noble of character. They also mean and imply - very importantly - that we place ourselves in the context of not only our folk, but of The Numinous, of what is considered and felt to be Divine, Sacred, Holy. That is, we understand the true meaning, the true purpose, of our individual lives. Honour, and this Folkish and Divine perspective, give us dignity and that inner strength which we, as a folk, have lost and which we must find again.

Being honourable means living by a Code of Honour, which Code is contained in many of my writings. Being honourable means using our will to do what is honourable; it means putting our honourable duty before our own personal feelings and desires, and doing our honourable duty. It means being loyal to those we have sworn to be loyal to. It means being prepared to die - being willing to die - for the sake of our honour; that is, it means preferring death to being dishonoured, for honour is more important than living in a dishonourable way. For us to be Aryan, we must live by the motto - Death Before Dishonour.

We do not need more and more propaganda - we need men and women of Aryan character; men and women who are noble by nature; men and women who are aware of their duty to the folk, who are prepared to fight, to act like warriors, who are prepared to live and if necessary die by our Aryan Code of Honour, and who have an awareness of what is Divine.

Nearly everything that has happened these past five or six decades - every failure of our Movements - is due to two failures: a failure of personal character; a failure to be honourable; a failure to live, and if necessary die, like a true Aryan, and a failure to view our own lives in the perspective of The Numen, of the Divine. That is, we have lost our honour, and we have lost our connection - or connexion as I prefer to spell it - to the Sacred, to that creative source which empowers us and which, in itself, is the origin of honour.

This connexion, this awareness of the Divine, is crucial - and we must understand how central this issue of Divinity, of the Sacred, of The Numen, is to our Cause, to our struggle, to our Destiny, to our evolution. For the reality of our times is that we are indeed engaged in an almost Cosmic like struggle with those who represent dishonour, ignobility and profanity - those who are trying to destroy not only our folk, our character, our culture, but also what is Sacred, Divine: those who trample upon The Numen, and who desire to bring everyone down to their own ignoble, profane sub-human level.

What is Divine, for us, as Aryans? I have spent over thirty-five years seeking an answer to this particular question and - after a quest that involved practical experience of nearly all the major religions of the world - have come to some conclusions. Is Divinity manifest in God? In YHVH? In ancient, pagan-type, gods and goddesses? In Nature? In what I called a

Cosmic Being?

Perhaps the most important conclusion I have arrived at is the the Divine can be, and has been, manifest in different ways. It is most certainly and most clearly manifest in honour and in beauty, and one of the many things which drew me toward National-Socialism when I was but fifteen years of age was that I felt National-Socialism expressed both this honour and this beauty, embodied in a joyful folk - that in National-Socialist Germany we had the numinous presenced, manifest, in a natural, beautiful, profound way. Here was a people - part of my own folk - that gave expression to a joy in living: you could see it on their faces. Later on, I came to know quite a few people who had lived through those glorious years and every one of them expressed to me the hope, the joy, the beauty, the love of their folk they experienced then. It really was a New Dawn, a new beginning for our folk. That this honour, this beauty, this joy, this wonderful folk-awareness has become hidden by the hate-filled, ignoble lies of the Jews and their lackeys tell us a great deal about the Jews and what has happened and is happening on this planet.

My experience of the diverse religions of the world has made me appreciate the Divine more and more. I know, from my own personal experience, how I felt when I was a Christian monk - and how moving I found some of the religious music of J. S. Bach to be; how moving I found some Gregorian Chant to be. I also know how numinous Nature is - how I have often felt a Divine presence in some aspect of Nature as when, several times, I was traveling alone in a vast desert, almost suspended between life and death, feeling how very fragile my own existence was; or when, at sea in a small boat, I was aware of the tempestuous fury of the ocean; or when, working with my lands outdoors, on a farm, I was aware of the new plant life that the season of Spring brings, of the life-giving Sun, of the life-giving rain. I have also found - I must admit - Divinity to be manifest, or seem to be manifest, in a beautiful Aryan woman, as if our women-folk embodied, or could embody, the numinous.

But, as if to balance such things, I also know how heroism - how a defiant, honourable, struggle and death - can also manifest the Divine. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that our Aryan nature, our honourable, defiant, striving, heroic nature is itself a manifestation, an emanation of the Divine.

Is the Divine God? If so, what and whose God? In all honesty, I must admit that I do not have all the answers. However, about this particular matter I do know three things. First, I know that the Divine can be manifest in such a way, as God - and for me has been manifest in such a way during some of my varied life. Second, I know that we need an awareness of the Divine in our own lives, as the basis for our struggle against our profane enemies; and, third, I know that however we as individuals might sense and feel the Divine, it can only truly be Divine, and Numinous, if it encourages us to be honourable and encourages us to aid, and evolve, our own folk. What is dishonourable, what destroys our folk - what destroys the beauty of our folk - what undermines and destroys our unique Aryan character and culture cannot be Divine and cannot be Numinous.

My own personal view, now - a view which has resulted from my life-long quest - is that the Divine is manifest in Nature; in our folk, in honour and beauty; in heroism; in defiance of dishonour; and in what I have termed the Cosmic Being - a Being who is the Cosmos-in-

evolution. Thus I consider a genuine folkish homeland, where there is a love for one's own folk and a reverence for Nature, as an expression of this Cosmic Being, a Being Who lives in and through us when we are honourable and do our noble duty to our folk. Thus do I consider those who would destroy such things as our mortal enemies - to be fought; to be subdued and, if necessary, to be destroyed.

Living under an already brutal police state and faced with the blatant reality that to seek satisfaction through electoral politics is utterly futile, the rug has been pulled out from under those who cherish and practice the redundant methods of the old school. Building on the models provided by the 'elder statesmen' in the Amerikan racist movement simply perpetuates the vicious cycle of failure... What and who are the role-models that the racially aware youth in Amerika today should be looking to in order to fulfill the potential that they possess?

We have good examples in the members of The Order - in people like Richard Scutari, and Robert Jay Matthews - and in the actions of the early Klan after the American Civil War. We must admire strong, Aryan individuals - men and women who possess an Aryan character and who act and who have acted: those who do or who have done valiant deeds against our enemies.

But we do need men and women, now, to become our new folk heroes, the new outlaws - that is, there is a wonderful opportunity here for some of our folk to become the stuff of legend, the heroes and heroines of new heroic Aryan sagas.

Most of us know the honorable nature of once great Aryan societies in the past - and some of us can envision how life in an Aryan homeland would be like. However it will take time for such things to come about and it is possible that many youth today - who have never seen or lived in anything but a negative society and thus have no memories that do not bear the scars of Jewish oppression - have only a gradually worsening situation to look forward to (at least in terms of their causal life-spans). What can the youth look to right now - in the world they live in - for personal inspiration and fortification? What kind of lifestyles can an Aryan youth adopt today to find meaning for their lives?

They should strive to be Aryan - and more particularly, should strive to be Aryan warriors. They should live by honour; be proud of their Aryan folk; of our culture and heritage. They should be inspired by the glory, the beauty, the numinosity that was National-Socialist Germany and by the great achievements of our ancestors, as they should become inspired by a great vision of what might be - of what we, as Aryans, can achieve. That is, we should look toward the future - as well as to our past.

For myself, I have always been inspired by the vision of exploring the vast frontier of Outer Space - of finding, and settling, new worlds. This and only this is a vision great enough to fully inspire us: to motivate us, to place our struggle in context, to bring out our latent genius as a folk. We have so much potential - there is so much for us to see, to do, to discover, to know, to experience, Out There. So many possibilities beckon in the Cosmos.

Already, we should have colonies on other worlds. But the Jews have drained us; using our genius, our inventiveness - our Promethean-like desire to know, to discover, to explore, our desire to venture forth and settle in new lands - for their own sub-human, their own ignoble ends. One of the many disgusting unforgivable things our enemies have done is to get our folk to forget their pioneering Aryan spirit - to have our folk concern themselves with trivia, with decadence, with mundane, material things, so that instead of breeding young Aryan men and young women who dream of venturing forth to undertake new heroic adventures, we have breed for the most part young men and women who dream of being "sports stars", or "entertainers" or of having some career where they can make money and enjoy and indulge themselves.

To achieve greatness we must be bold - we must have a bold, a great, vision, to inspire us. What greater vision can there be of a multitude of Aryan homelands on other worlds? Of taking our folk, our culture, to a new world and so beginning a whole new chapter in our evolution? Of being the first human being to discover a planet, to walk upon a planet, to settle a planet, to discover new life, Out There?

We can be inspired by this noble, this great, this very Aryan, vision - but to make such a vision real we must first take part in the very real war, here on this planet which is, for now, our home; a war to regain our freedom, our honour; a war to create a new, an Aryan, homeland for ourselves and our descendants - a war against a dishonorable enemy who seeks to destroy our culture, our hopes, and who is intent on keeping us tame and enslaved.

Considering that you have lived as a Muslim, in Muslim lands, what is the perspective of Muslims towards those others - such as National Socialists - which seek the downfall of the New World Order but do not follow the religious laws and disciplines which Islam entails?

Provided we who seek alliances with such Muslims respect Islam, and Muslims, most of those Muslims involved with Jihad will respect us, and this is the basis for co-operation. Indeed, Sheikh Osama bin Laden has said several times that he welcomes such allies.

Of course, there are some Muslims who disagree, and who scorn the very idea of making allies with any "infidel" - but the majority of Islamic scholarly opinion is on our side, for, as one Islamic scholar expressed it: Ibn Qadmah said that, according to Ahmad, it is permissible for Muslims to ask help from those who do not follow our Way of Life; and it was Ahmad's opinion that these helpers can have a share in whatever booty is obtained. In addition, Ar Ramli said that the leader or second in command may ask help from those who do not follow the Islamic Way of Life provided they have a good opinion of Muslims.

If we treat Muslims with honour and respect, they will treat us with honour and respect - warrior to warrior - and this respect, this coming together of warriors, is indeed something which the Jews and their lackeys fear.

Aryan Nations has been a vocal supporter of Islam and jihad for quite sometime now - and our support for Islam and jihad has 'offended' quite a few individuals in the movement in the past - primarily for the reasons that the individuals who criticize us have a misguided 'patriotism' which makes them consider Islam as being one of the prime enemies of our continent or because of the fact that Islam is composed of racially diverse elements. Is the hatred of Islam by would-be activists simply jealously due to the fact that the Muslims seem to be enacting much more proactive agendas in regards to the Jews, or is a deeper factor at play here?

First, those who hate Islam are simply playing into the hands of the Jews. Indeed, many of those who hate Islam are just being manipulated by the Jewish Media just as many of them do not understand Islam at all.

You are correct when you say "would-be" activists - for these would-be activists do nothing to fight the Jews, unlike the Muslims they claim to despise and hate.

One of the problems here is that these would-be activists, and even many activists, do not even know their own Aryan values - for if they did, they would act, behave, in an honourable, Aryan way. An honourable Aryan - a true warrior - respects other warriors, regardless of their race, their culture, and the warriors of Islam certainly deserve our respect. Consider the battle of Jenin a few years ago, when a few hundred Mujahideen with hand-held weapons held the whole Zionist, Amerikan-equipped, army at bay for nine days - until the Mujahideen ran out of ammunition. Consider the more recent battle of Fallujah where those Mujahideen who had survived an intense Amerikan bombardment lasting many, many days, fought to the death. Or consider the Mujahideen of Hamas who willingly give up their own lives to kill some Jews. To quote the teacher of Sheikh Osama bin Laden - "History does not write its lines except with blood. Glory does not build its lofty edifice except with skulls. Honour and respect cannot be established except on a foundation of cripples and corpses. Empires, noble persons, States and societies, cannot be established except with examples."

Another problem is that those activists who fear and hate Islam see it as a threat to the old nation States. That is, they see Islam in terms of Muslim immigration into these nations, and in terms of the Muslims already resident in such nations. These activists seem to want somehow to revive these old nation States, and dream of somehow sweeping into power in those old nations, and throwing out all the non-Aryans. Usually such dreams take the form of winning an election.

What they fail to understand is that these are and always will be dreams. Sixty years of failure have shown the utter futility of trying to play the game of Party politics. Our enemies are not going to simply sit idly by and watch us being voted into power. They will use every trick, every legal artifice, and every illegal scheme, to stop us, as they have shown again and again these past decades. They will introduce new laws; or ban our groups; or concoct some criminal or civil charge to jail or ruin or bankrupt our leaders and organizations. But even - as I have said and written many times before - were some White Nationalist, some Aryan, or some National-Socialist group by some miracle able to achieve power in such a way, they would be unable to do anything - for within a short period of

time world Jewry would organize, on some pretext or other, at first sanctions, and then an invasion and the overthrow of our new government, using the power, the resources, of Amerika, which is firmly under their control.

Our enemies see our Party politics as a safety-valve - we can rant and rave, a little, and have our dreams, and have our energy, our funds, our hopes, channeled into useless activity, while our enemy grows ever stronger, tyranny increases, and our homelands, our folk, our Aryan identity, our honour, are destroyed.

But this aside - we must stop thinking and stop planning in terms of these old nation States. We must consign them to history. We must abandon our old patriotism: give up our allegiance to these old, worn-out nations. We must begin again - with new Aryan homelands. But most importantly we must face, and tackle, the problem of Amerika, which is now the power behind world Jewry. We can achieve nothing, on the scale of a nation, of a State, until Amerika is destroyed. So we must destroy Amerika, and began again, as our Aryan ancestors did, time and time again.

We should not fear this rejection of the old, this destruction of the old - rather, we should embrace it, and rejoice at the opportunity given to us. For from this struggle, this destruction, a new, more heroic, more evolved, Aryan folk will emerge - with our honour restored.

There has been talk of an 'Aryan Islam' in the past, an Islamic movement formed to be composed of racially aware and militant Aryans. What are your thoughts as to this 'Aryan Islam' and are you yourself supporting such forms at present?

From my own experience, of many years, I know that an Aryan Islam is not possible - that it is a contradiction of the essence of Islam. I did believe - when I first became involved in trying to bring National Socialists and Muslims together to fight the menace of Zionism and the hubris that is now Amerika, that lackey of the Jews - that it might be possible to create such an Aryan Islam, but the more I came to know of the genuine Islam of the Jihadi movements, the more I knew that it was not possible.

Rather, we should be seeking, as revolutionary Aryans, to respect the genuine Islam represented by the Jihadi revival - and aid them, as allies, in their struggle against Zionism and Amerika. This respect, as I mentioned earlier, is a precondition for such an alliance.

It has been posited that one of the reasons why deeds of practical action have not been forthcoming from Aryans is that whereas Muslims fight for Allah - their embodiment of the Cosmic Creator - most Aryans are followers of a philosophical or political creed only, which carries less weight than a complete worldview and expansive religion such as Islam. Does success for Aryans in America lie in more order - such as strict religious adherence

would bring - and subsequently more moral strictures, or in a lessening of morals (I.e. the latter considering that most Aryans are brainwashed to some level with the disease of Christianity and all that entails).

I firmly believe - as I said earlier - that we need and must have a Divine perspective. This may or may not be religious in the conventional sense, but it must imbue us with an awareness of, a feeling for, what is sublime and numinous, as it must give us a real sense of purpose, of meaning.

The trouble is we have, as Aryans, for the most part lost our connexion with the Divine as we tend now to see the purpose of our lives in a material, causal way. Thus we are unprepared for, and seek to avoid, situations that might take away our happiness, or comfort, or material possessions or which might harm us or result in us going to Prison. We have become scared of life; of living. In brief, we have become domesticated.

Our fierceness, like our honour, has gone - or rather, we have allowed them to be taken from us; we have submitted to the doctrines, the societies, which the Jews have constructed to tame and domesticate us. To free ourselves we must return to being Aryan - we must once again live, and if necessary die, as Aryans: fierce, strong, independent, honourable individuals.

What is essential is that we, as individuals, return to our own Aryan Way of Life. This means personal honor; it means absolute, wordless, loyalty to those to whom we have given our allegiance; it must place the interests of our folk before our self - doing our noble duty to aid and advance and defend our folk. It means having an Aryan character.

In the same way, our organizations and groups must be Aryan - they must reflect our principles, our Aryan values, our Aryan morality, as they must strive to make real our Aryan Way of Life, our Aryan ethos. This means allowing for, indeed demanding, personal honour; it means loyalty.

One of our greatest failures these past sixty or more years is our failure to act like Aryans - to be honourable. Thus, and for example, many in what is mis-named the "Movement" do dishonourable things like spread rumours and gossip and ZOG disinformation about individuals, failing to do the honourable thing, which is either keep quiet, and dismiss all such things, or go and seek out the person who is the subject of such rumours, such gossip, such disinformation, and ask them, in private, for their side of the story.

I shall give one example of our Aryan attitude. Our Aryan way of settling disputes is a personal one - we confront the person, and see if we can honourably settle the matter, man to man, or woman to woman; or we agree to honourably disagree, or we engage in a fair fight with them, or a duel. Sometimes - if both parties can agree - we might refer the matter to some respected person in our community: someone who is known to us on the personal level and whom we both trust; someone whom we know is honourable. But what we do not do - what we should not do because it is un-Aryan - is go running to some Court and allow some people we do not know personally to decide the issue for us according to some law or laws made by people we also do not know personally.

It is this Aryan way of doing things which we as individuals, which our groups, our organizations, must return to.

This Aryan attitude is in many ways derived from our heritage of living in small, folkish, communities where we know our neighbours, personally; where our neighbours are Aryan; where our Aryan culture is treasured and lives; and where we do feel part of such a community. This also, is what our groups, our organizations, should seek to be like - a real Aryan community, where we feel at home among brothers and sisters, among our kindred, where we help each other and do the Aryan thing, the honourable thing, the noble thing. Add to this a manifestation, in such groups and organizations, of The Divine - of an Aryan religious ethos - and we have what is necessary.

What role do you see for women - especially in regards to covert and directly disruptive roles - in our struggle?

There should be female Aryan warriors - and female Aryan covert activists - as there should be Aryan women who expect, even demand, that their men go out and fight, and who are tough enough, Aryan enough, to accept that their men might die or be forced to endure long terms of imprisonment.

Aryan women can be and have been fierce heroic warriors - and this attitude must not only exist again, but be seen as an ideal for the women who are suited to it. We should not encourage meek, docile, domesticated women but rather women who, when faced with being attacked, would do the Aryan, the honourable, thing and attack their attacker, trained and ready to injure, subdue and if necessary kill.

Beyond deeds of direct practical action as explicated in such documents as 'Strategy and Tactics of Revolution', what are some of the means and methods by which the System - including not only the government but society itself - can be disrupted? What kind of disruptive forms need to arise in Amerika specifically for the goal of bringing about system breakdown?

As I said before, practical action is needed, in Amerika, to disrupt the System. But above and beyond this we need to know and propagate and live by our own Aryan values - and this is one of the most subversive things we can do at this moment, living as we do under a tyrannical anti-Aryan System. We must become an example for others to follow, to emulate. It really is that simple.

You have been called a 'dangerous man' - especially in regards to your alleged writings that allegedly inspired David Copeland to commit an act of practical direct action (this accusation being similar to how the late William Pierce has been accused of inspiring Timothy MacVeigh in regards to the Oklahoma City Bombing). For the intellectuals in our ranks - can art, music and literature be used in the context of system disruption - can art be

'dangerous'?

Art can be subversive - and therefore dangerous, but Art must follow action, not be a substitute for it. Indeed, we should seek to make our own lives like a work of Art - capable of inspiring others, capable of subverting others, capable of inspiring new Art. We can be so much than we are now - if we are prepared to live with honour and knowing that each day might be our last day on this Earth.

We need the deeds of Aryan heroes, men and women of action, to inspire the Art, the music, the literature we need. We need new outlaws; new heroic deeds, to become the stuff of new legends, new songs, new Art, new literature.

Each one of us - men and women - should strive to use our own skills and abilities in the service of our folk, with the foremost aim of living like an Aryan and aiding our race, and helping to undermine, disrupt and destroy the System and replace it with what is Aryan.

It has been mentioned that you have supported the idea that occultists and certain 'heretical religions' can be used as a method to destabilize the system - could you explicate upon this idea? Do you believe that there are energies in the cosmos that can be used to cause the sort of pressure - to create disruption - in the same way that the Masons utilize energies in support of their own Magian aims?

Given the tyrannical anti-Aryan nature of The System, of our ZOG, of the mis-named New World Order, anything and everything which can bring about its downfall can and should be used by some individuals. We must know, and feel in our very being, how truly evil, how ignoble, how dishonourable this System is - how it is trying to destroy the beautiful, the numinous. Some of us can and should be subversives - undermining this System in any way we can, bringing it closer toward breakdown. It is this breakdown which is the key, which is essential - from the bloody chaos of destruction the strong, the Aryan, can triumph and begin to build what is Aryan, noble and evolutionary. From such bloody destruction, and only from such bloody destruction, can we defeat our main enemy and destroy their power, thus ending their messianic dreams.

In my own life, I have tried to create some things which can disrupt our societies and which can lead to the creation of strong, really dangerous, ruthless individuals - some things which are so subversive that no laws could ever outlaw them, and that attempts to restrain them, to outlaw them, would only make them more attractive to some individuals. Some of these things, over the decades, have drawn hundreds upon hundreds of young people toward National-Socialism and our Aryan folk movements. But such things as these are only one small part of an overall strategy to spread subversion and dissent and to make known what needs to be done to bring down the System and create a new and Aryan alternative.

I believe that indeed your life - and the scope of your activities - is a model which many are rightfully seeking to emulate - especially in regards to your experience of diverse ways of life such as living as a monk for a time, a wanderer, a Muslim, etc. Are there ways of life such as you yourself have experienced that would be particularly suitable for Americans in particular to undertake not only to further their own self-education but to also forward the goal of System Disruption leading to System Breakdown?

The best way of life is an Aryan one, and more especially a warrior one. From my quest, from my experiences, I have learnt many things - but perhaps the most important thing I have learnt is what it means to be Aryan, what the essence of our Aryan Way of Life is. I have also learnt that we can triumph over adversity - that as long as we maintain our honour, as long we act like Aryans, we have triumphed.

It is our Aryan character which our enemies hate and despise - and our enemies have only succeeded because most of our own folk have abandoned living in an Aryan way: have abandoned honour, loyalty and duty to the folk. If I have achieved anything, it is to be able to express what being Aryan means - and if I have anything worthwhile to share with my fellow Aryans, it is this.

David Myatt, 19 February, 116yf

THE GIRL GODDESS

Being a teacher, I had for a long time been aware of how some girls embodied some features of the goddess in her youthful aspect. Sometimes, this was expressed in a sexual way, sometimes it was not.

One girl in particular stands out in memory. She was twelve at the time, a slim thing with long often unruly sandy coloured hair whose eyes at times suggested a sexual understanding of someone much older. Sometimes she would look at me and smile, as if she knew my secret, thrusting her burgeoning breasts out. Sometimes she seemed to be saying 'I want you to kiss me'. Yet, when these fleeting moments had gone, she was just like any other girl of her age. It was almost as if in those moments the girl goddess was teasing and tempting me.

Yet it took me a while to understand that the goddess was within her in those sometimes tender, sometimes sexual moments - that she was or could be a vehicle for that beauty, charm, grace and sensuality - and I nurtured the secret desire to make those moments last, to bring them about, to capture them in her or some similar girl. Was this the yearning about which Sappho spoke:

If you forget me, think
Of our gifts to Aphrodite
And all the loveliness that we shared*

But mention of this subject was difficult, even among gay friends. So it was avoided until I some years later came to teach another of those gifted by the goddess.

She was fourteen when it started, and would wait for me after lessons and after school, on any pretext. It was flattering having such a pretty girl have a crush on me but I kept a professional distance. She took to learning the violin and persuaded her parents to give her private lessons - with me, as I taught violin. I wanted to refuse, and accept. Perhaps it was ordained, but I accepted her parents offer.

Being alone and near her became difficult although for months nothing happened, except violin lessons in my house. Then one day as we sat on the sofa drinking coffee after a lesson and chatting about music and school, waiting for her father to collect her, I blurted out: 'You look quite beautiful.' It was true, she did, with her dusky complexion, dark hair and well-formed breasts. We seemed to understand one another without words - she smiled and then we were embracing and kissing, laughing and crying. And next week, a slightly more intimate touch, caress. A week after that, our lesson together forgotten, I touched her breasts for the first time before unbuttoning her blouse - afraid and exulted at the same time. A few weeks later we shed each others clothes to become lovers for the first time. And she was only fifteen.

It was pleasing, and fearful - I was afraid of exposure, of her parents, the school, discovering our secret. I felt guilty - had I betrayed my trust? Was I taking advantage of her? For months I anguished over it all. She expressed her love for me, and we were happy together. Our relationship seemed natural and beautiful. We discovered things together, played music together (her playing improved!), made ecstatic love (she seemed insatiable at times!).

*

*Editorial note: Or as another, more accurate translation says -

Go happily, remembering me
For you know what we shared and pursued.
If not, I look backwards to remind you
Of the sensuous times we had.

But guilt began to poison me. We were careful at school, with her parents, but it was all a strain - for me, for she seemed to take naturally to the situation and not worry about it. I hated the lies, the deceit. I wanted to be open and honest, to tell others about our love. But it was impossible. I began to quarrel with her, find fault with her or the way she did things. For a few weeks, sheer hell. But then I understood why I felt that way - it was the guilt. So we talked about it. We loved each other and saw nothing wrong in our love or the natural sexual expression of it - it was others who would not understand, who would condemn us. 'You make me happy' she said once, 'that's all I care about'. I remembered that, and the guilt declined, although a longing for openness with others remained.

Looking back, it was as if the goddess was manifest in her at times: when making love, when walking in a certain way, when she smiled, or laughed or played the violin. Had I seduced her - or had the goddess within her seduced me? It did not seem to matter.

Today, I am happier - and still with her, although I am now at another school and she is working. The large city where we share a flat shields us from curious eyes. Some time ago we went to a few clubs, met others of our ilk. Some were surprised at our difference in age (I am just over twice hers), others are accepting. Would even those who accept us feel different if they knew of her youth, and my position, when we became lovers? Would my school force me to resign if they knew? Probably. So secrets remain and discussion does not arise, and I cannot but wonder how many others like me have gone down that same road and failed to survive, their journey of love cut short by a society that does not care or wish to understand. There still seems an awfully long way to go.

Sappho

Fragment 41:

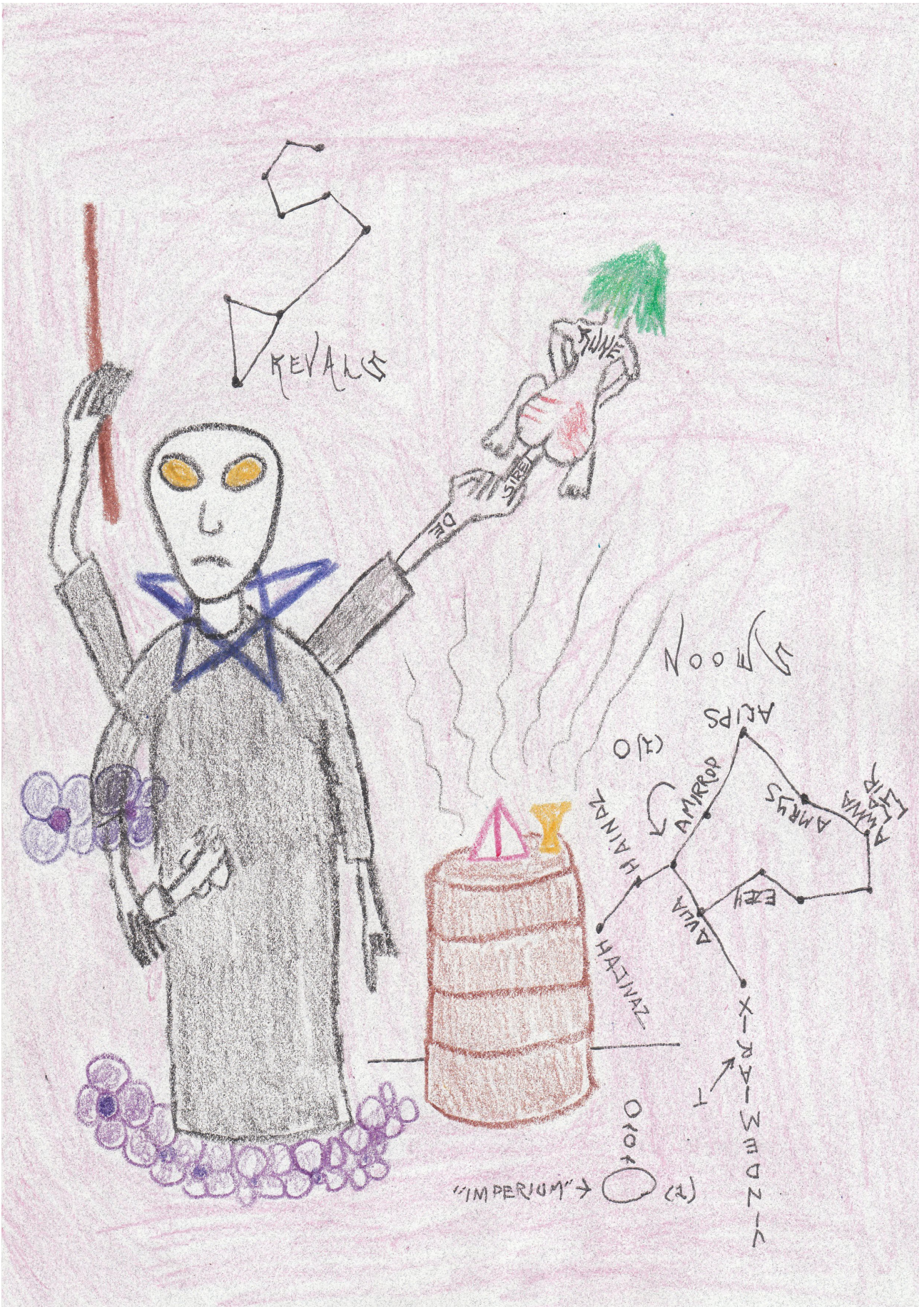
Beautiful girls, toward you
My thoughts will never change ...

Fragments 138/147:

Believe me, in the future
Someone will remember us ...

Because you love me
Stand with me face to face
And unveil the softness in your eyes ...





ATU I – THE MAGICKIAN

(Wendy Padbury)

MANIPULATION II

One of the fundamental principles of Black Magick is elitism: the belief that the majority are essentially beneath Initiates in terms of understanding, intelligence and ability. This gives the foundation for manipulation - both on the personal and the magickal level.

The Black Magick novice is generally scornful of others - until and unless worth has been proved or shown. However, as explained previously (Manipulation I) an experienced novice will have learnt the subtlety of manipulation: direct confrontation as a mode of manipulation will seldom be used (unless a person or group deserves to be so treated: or such an approach is magickally necessary). Instead, there will be the "flowing with" approach-manipulation without the person or persons being aware of it. Quite often, this approach is "psychological"; at other times it may be psychic (e.g. directly magickal) - or perhaps via the charisma of the magickian overpowering the personality of the person(s) in question.

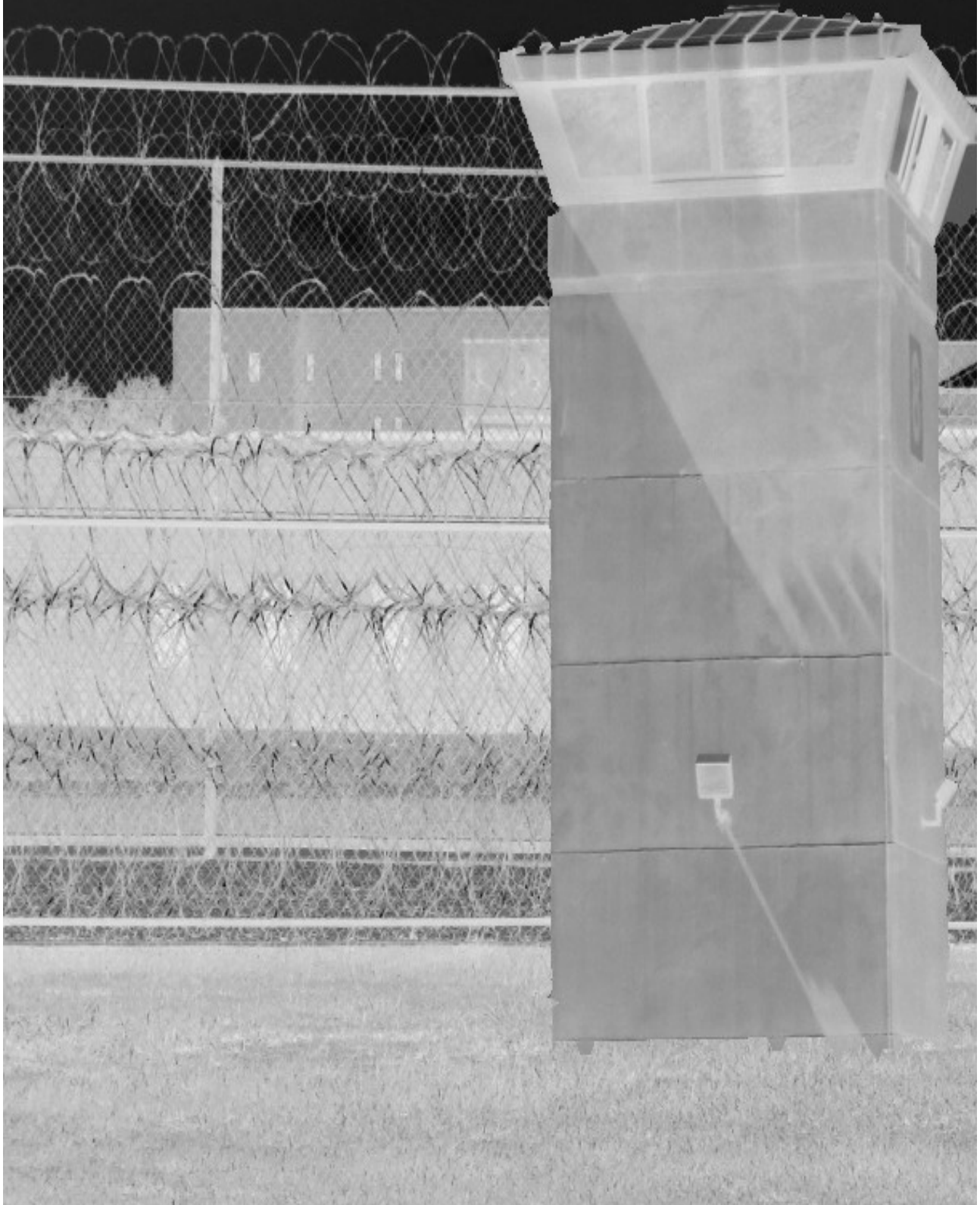
Whatever, there will be an arrogance based on the belief of one's own superiority - and thus an isolation. For a true Black Magickian is essentially a strong individualist who finds his or her own company preferable to that of others - unless those others can be useful in some way. That is, there is no dependence of any kind, particularly not emotional, on any other individual or individuals. This, of course, is what the novice strives to achieve. It cannot be achieved quickly - or even by "will" alone. Rather, it is a cumulative process - an alchemical change, a re-orientation of personality, and such changes take time.

In the seven-fold sinister way, these changes occur during the stage of External Adept and are a necessary prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. One of most important aspects of this change is that involving the companion - the initial emotional involvement gradually changing, ceasing to be a dependence but rather a partnership- a mutually evolved understanding; the passion (both sexual and emotional) which possessed the novice giving way to a maturity.

The arrogance of the Black Magickian is not an empty one: it is not a posturing. Instead, it arises from within: from the knowledge and insight the novice has gained into him/her self - by having achieved in both the personal and magickal sense. Thus the magickal and practical goals which are set for novices - they develop self-assurance, a pride and that arrogance which is truly Satanic. The training for and achievement of these practical goals usually takes the novice to the limits of physical and mental endurance - and this builds character in a specific way [or defeats the novice who gives up and either lets self-delusion triumph - "I don't need such things: they are out of date/unsuited to me; I have achieved enough anyway... - or abandons the magickal quest perhaps later to try another "method" (which is easier) or find another "teacher"].

Initially, this arrogance is outward and expressed by manner, attitude and perhaps appearance. Later, when Adeptship becomes achieved, it becomes cloaked - except in the eyes and in that charisma which marks a Black Magickian. Initial manipulation is often of the external kind - an adjunct to external magick - later, it becomes "internal" (concerned with the internal goals of the External Adept) and still later, aeonic (bound up with supra-personal, acausal energies). [qv. Deofel Quartet for examples of the various types appropriate to Initiate and External Adepts.]

IRON GATES



IRON GATES

Chapter 5

As Bonn was carried down the halls into the intestines of the inquiry center he could see very little other than the floor passing by him in feet and yards and the marching boots of the guards which held him. A place of ten-thousand varieties of possible paths, all leading to equally potent vectors of ruination, the inquiry center pulsated with a doom-laden aura so prominent that no one could mistake that this was a place where the most hideous aspects of human nature were allowed, nay, provoked to come to the forefront.

The guards held his arms and legs in a vice-grip, tightening considerably once they had moved pass the line on the floor that marked the beginning of the secure area. They had walked through several corridors containing individuals which he could hear but not see because of his awkward position, however the voices were entirely more serious and less flippant than the secretaries that had mocked him on his exodus from the office of the anonymous internal security officer who had conducted his interrogation.

For all he knew the secretaries could have been a staged incident, part of some grand psychological pageant being put on by internal security for the detriment of his mind. The voices that he heard as he moved deeper into the corridors of the inquiry center were hushed, brutal. If a naked man being carried hog-tied by a contingent of guards was something that caught the attention of people on the administrative side of the building, it was apparently so unnoticeable here that it did not deserve any pause from whatever black work the personnel were busying themselves with. If his situation was business as usual where he was going then he was in trouble. But, he knew instinctively that he was in very much trouble and he was no innocent after all, he was a shock troop, albeit very low on the totem poll and only having seen action on the field once outside of the confines of headquarters. It seems like he had been at headquarters for far too long, now he knew that he had obviously been at headquarters far too long indeed.

The guards turned a corner and stopped, letting the private dead-drop the less-than-a-foot between his body and the floor, which had formerly been tile in the administrative section but had given way to a polished concrete as they moved further in. The drop was not enough to cause any serious damage but it was jolting nonetheless and re-opened the bleeding from his broken nose. Since his nostrils were completely clogged with blood however, no blood leaked out onto the floor or, hell forbid, the boots of the guards, but instead simply pooled in his nostrils. He coughed as the iron liquid dripped further into his sinus canals and down his esophagus.

The guards reached around his head and stuffed a black ball-gag into his mouth, fastening the leather straps around the back of his head. With equal rapidity another guard moved in and placed a black hood over his face, another placing a pair of modified guard goggles painted completely black over this and the last placing a pair of large headphones over where his ears were now concealed beneath the thick black fabric. Bonn was now completely enveloped in darkness and all sight and sound stopped. He could feel the guards picking him back up and could tell by the air flow moving over his naked flesh that they had resumed their march, however he now neither saw the direction in which they were going nor could he hear the sounds of the guards' combat boots thumping against the concrete. At some point he felt the air get colder and a breeze flow past him before stopping. When he could feel the guards proceeding again the air was much warmer than it

had been in the inquiry center. He had left one building and entered another.

Immediately the scent of strong disinfectant chemicals hit him, exacerbated by the warm air. His mind was in a state of high disorientation already due to the sensory deprivation, and as his body relaxed slightly in its bound state he could tell that the warmth of the air would only serve to increase his susceptibility to the sensory deprivation already driving him toward mental instability. He felt himself being slowly lowered onto a hard metal surface which seemed to be higher than ground floor. Deprived of speech, hearing and movement and atrociously exposed in a state of humiliation, shock and forced immobilization, all he could do was drive further into his own mind, fighting to maintain some semblance of reality and to what might happen to him.

The interior of the torture center was all concrete wall painted lathered black, lit with low-level generator-induced light shining down from their mounting places high in the roof overlooking a vast interior. A monitoring station sat in the center of the room, manned by five guards seated beneath a plexiglass enclosure that was filled with all manner of restraints, chemical sprays, nightsticks and several weapons. Much of the metal was original equipment from when the building had been used as a penitentiary before the nuclear wars. At some point before the nukes went airborne the prisoners went ballistic, not about to sit out Armageddon behind bars, and a massive riot involving over eighty deaths occurred before the strongest of the convicts made their way out into the surrounding countryside. The correctional officers were too easy of an immediate target for the prisoners' rage. There was none of the usual recourse to emergency backup in the case of a prison riot at the institution at the time, as every member of the National Guard and local police were all preparing for a much bigger catastrophe.

The black paint had been the organization's own addition to the internal infrastructure of the main processing area of the high security segregation area, apparently recommended by no less than the commander himself.

Inside the monitoring station all the original computer monitors that had been installed there for the staff had been removed as well as the computers themselves, as well as the electronic monitoring equipment, etc. One organization modified laptop sufficed for the torture center secretary who entered in the essential information onto the local database. For interrogations and tortures, notes would be taken of salient information and quickly hand-encrypted and destroyed. The torture center, in order to apply the highest security possible, always adhered to an even more utilitarian standard than was applied in the organization as a whole.

ECT (External Control Torture) was horrifyingly enough the actual name of the specialized correctional unit controlling the Torture Center, the full name of which was External Control Torture Administration Center (ECTAC.) The broad utilization of this so-called administration had its emphasis on administering punishment. The atmosphere was extremely harsh and this harshness was increased with large doses of pure terror in that the ECT was the staging grounds for the most sadistic minds within the organization. The most brutal of the shock troops, men who had been remanded from their training units for committing particularly harsh hazing practices on other troops, or shock troops who had been operating in the field and had been observed raising the bar in the intensity and creativity of applied atrocity were often selected for service in the ECT. Several small units of hardcore intelligence officers, skilled in interrogation, torture and pioneers of the organization's embryonic punitive mind control program were also stationed in ECTAC.

The intelligence officers in place in ECT were for the most part field operatives and their

brand of applied intelligence (intelligence in the organization equaled terror) bore the stamp of the sort of operations in which the interrogations ended with the termination of the person being interrogated in many cases, and often a butchering of the person's corpse and meal of human flesh to follow, along with the obligatory sharing of bone fragments as souvenirs when it came to particularly high-level targets. The latter practice was more common amongst the elite amongst the shock troops, and the intelligence officers engagement of similar activity on the field attested to the stark reality of a post-nuclear world and frequent fraternization with the military troops by intelligence. For an intelligence officer, to bed a harsh matron who manned a belt-fed machine gun during large-scale exterminations was more than an exotic experience.

The level of sophistication was primitive despite the high-end working capital of the installation, which boasted mechanical advances in order to operate the steel doors leading to the segregation housing units themselves, which had once been operated frequently throughout the day, opening and closing by electronic impulse. In order to abbreviate the process of guards and ECT personnel moving to and from inmate areas within the institution, several of the cells in the interior of the wings of the segregation units had been appropriated for guard stations. Their steel doors were removed and replaced with heavy black plastic curtain so that personnel could go from guard cell to cell (usually the guards appropriated a row of five cells along the central housing) with minimal difficulty. The door to the segregation housing units leading to the receiving and discharge and outer areas of the prison were built exclusively to work by electronic pulse and were once frequently operating by remote control from the guard stations. This was no longer practical due to restraints on electricity even within the commander's base, which was one of the few places within the organization to have electric lights, the bluish hue of spotlights sending the clear signal to all that the organization was the unequivocal master of the area. Now the door to the segregation cells themselves were only opened a few times per day, with the guards attaching the circuit to the entrance-way to one of the generator hookups which shot one surge of electricity enough to open and close the door.

The private lay on his stomach, the cold metal of the gurney causing goose-pimples to raise along his flesh. Although he could not hear, he could feel the jostling of the gurney being rolled for a brief period of time before he felt himself being roughly lifted and placed on a thin mattress. Now he was only left alone with the beginning of debilitating aches from his prolonged state of being manacled in an uncomfortable position along with the building sense of dread and mental incapacitation beginning to set in from the sensory deprivation hood. He had managed to exhale in a snort through one of his nostrils so he was now able to breath slightly. The other nostril would remained totally clogged with blood unless he could get a finger to it, which was impossible in his current state and the ball-gag, stretching his mouth uncomfortably, provided no air flow. He would remain in this position for quite sometime until his formal processing began.

Chapter 6

A large podium stretched across the deep interior of a vast corrugated steel building, formerly used for some industrial enterprise but now the site of one of the organization's leadership-level conferences. It was now the afternoon before the final conference meeting to be held in the evening. The installation, technically secret outside leadership and select required personnel, was located in organization territory at a mid-point between the commander's base and the secure areas of the border that marked the most far-flung horizon of the organization's holding operations. Organizational operatives and activities existed beyond this border, however the secure area marked the last geographic line where

the land and the populace was entirely in the organization's pocket.

Huge banners representing various sectors of the organization such as intelligence, shock troops and internal security hung high above the heads of the participants from the rafters. The entire hall was lit with large, pressurized gas lamps which cast the entire meeting place in an eerie glow. On the far end of the building a hangar door had been opened, letting in the dull light of the sun, cloaked behind cloud cover and overcast weather that had been steady since the conference began several days prior.

In the post apocalypse people had gotten used to the absence of the bright electric lights that once lit the vast swathes of the civilized world. If some stray satellite from the old days was still circling the globe, taking automatic photographs of the various portions of the earth, it would see that the globe was now swathed in darkness - as appropriate in this, the new Dark Age.

Long work tables with folding metal chairs had been set up across the expanse of the floor and were populated with some three hundred members from a cross-section of the organization. Many of them had come to the organization in their own way with different stories to tell and operated in varying sectors of the group, yet their elan and fanaticism toward forwarding the mission of the commander had facilitated their rise within the ranks that put them at the conference today.

Nadezdha, sitting with a contingent from her office in internal security, found it hard to concentrate on the various matters being discussed from the podium, although she duly took notes concerning salient points particularly when it came to her specialty areas of code decryption and intelligence analysis. The lectures on those two topics from the podium were however quite brief, less than fifteen minutes each, the code and intelligence analysis work being relegated more so to early morning and late afternoon sessions in smaller meeting rooms and attended only by those working in those fields, as well as a few intelligence liaison officers who worked on the ground at shock troop units. Although part of the purpose of the event was to build cohesiveness and focus amongst the individual sectors of the organization in relation to their work, her mind was on another sector altogether. The last sexual experience of the previous evening had been intense and the lieutenant had been very pleased by the correct strategy of her ministrations, having giving her a hard beating with the leather belt that she had offered him followed by taking her over his knee and spanking her like a child, before she led him to orgasm via energetic oral stimulation. Her petite bottom felt quite bruised the second day, but pleasantly so, and it was easy to be reminded of what she had been doing as she attempted to sit for the long hours listening to lectures in the very plain metal chair. Equally on her mind was the lieutenant's card that she had been handed, which sat securely within wallet on her person - she would not risk any chance of that particular document walking away from her and she had kept the wallet clutched to her breast the night before when she slept, having finally returned to her own room after spending the entire evening with the lieutenant, too tired to engage in an errand code-breaking of the cipher that the lieutenant had inscribed.

Her father was on the stage now, giving demonstration of the various guns that armaments were now producing on a regular schedule. Large numbers of firearms had been saved after the nuclear war and carefully maintained however even tools of metal and oil begin to wear down in time and her father had been key in beginning the production of new pieces for which replacement parts and so that corrective as well as preventative troubleshooting could be easily accomplished.

A MP5 sub-machine gun was lifted into the air and snarled out with several shots bursting

in rapid succession from its mean looking snout. Nadezdha's father had loaded the various test weapons with blanks carefully produced by himself personally with his personal reloading machine that he had built from old plans, he would not entrust this task to a subordinate in case of the rare chance that they might put a live round in the gun and some conference attendee accidentally catch a bullet. He paid close attention to detail, a trait which had assisted him well during the course of his long career.

Nadezdha's father's full name was Felix Zhuvova Yatskaya and he stood imposing behind the speaker's lectern as the last dummy round burst from the MP5 and the majority of the three-hundred strong hall rose in raucous applause. Yatskaya was a total veteran of the organization in every respect and knew exactly how to win over an audience, knowing better than anyone else that machine guns would do the trick in almost every circumstance.

He gave a description of the MP5, how many had been produced in the last five years and what the current production schedule was and then went through similar tests and descriptions over an impressive list of other small arms including the M15, AK-74 and several handguns. Via being the mind behind the post-nuclear rearmament, Yatskaya had found himself in the supremely satisfying position of custom-making the arsenal of the organization's new world according to his particular taste in firearms. The sub-machine guns and handguns that he selected to become mainstays in the organization's arsenal were picked from a rich history of use by military, guerrilla outfits and street gangs. All prohibitions as to modifications and incremental increases in firearm's level of inherent lethality had been unceremoniously thrown out the proverbial window after society descended into anarchy, allowing Nadezdha's father to work to come into full flourish in designing and manufacturing a particularly intimidating spectrum of death-dealing instruments. Ammunition clips had begun to produced in much longer higher-capacity designs on most pieces for accelerated efficiency in direct combat situations without having to change clips. Many of the guns were outfitted with ferocious-looking bayonets sharpened to a razor's edge and some of the weapons had been given semi-official nicknames like "meat-grinder", "blood mist" and "hacker" to intimate to those being so commissioned of the unparalleled capabilities of the weapon and to build the blood-thirsty morale of the ever-growing population of shock troops, elite commandos, internal security executioners and intelligence wing assassins. For the latter, an entire spectrum of weapons had introduced at lower production levels and designed for their specific purposes in mind, outfitted with hand-crafted silencers and flash suppressors and primitive scopes drawn from old military models.

Assassinations were done in areas that would be harder to execute a typical land campaign replete with burning buildings, destroying or seizing infrastructure, enslavement of the area youth and raping of the women followed by eventual public executions, enacted after long well-orchestrated periods of humiliation, of whatever leadership might be present. Some of the small communities, savage in their adherence to long dead modes of living, however backward thinking they might be, still managed to exist far enough afield from organizational strongholds and decently armed with old firepower to dissuade the organization from spending the manpower and resources needed to do a typical land attack. Although the organization would get them eventually, one way or another, there was still limited resources and the commander's forces could not be everywhere at once. In these cases, intelligence officers would be sent in under deep-cover, sometimes cultivating local informants under a false flag and sometime using commando units who conducted surveillance from a distance for weeks in harsh conditions. Once the leadership and key community members were identified a sniper would be sent in with the commando unit running back-up and take out the targets. The communities would then be completely

shattered, disorganized and most importantly, terrified. Assassinations were a way that the organization sent a message to recalcitrant communities that clearly stated even if we aren't in your backyard yet, we can still reach our tendrils into the very heart of your world and destroy it. Do not feel safe, we are breathing down your necks. After a period of time following the assassinations, most of the communities would break down on their own and then conventional organization forces could move in easily. Some areas after the death of their leaders, upon whom they had become dependent on both for direction and psychologically in general, would voluntarily offer themselves up to the organization, sending an emissary over the line into organization territory and begging the first representative they found to have the organization move in and run things for them. This was always highly morale boosting for the organization and a string of successes had kept intelligence unit assassins continually busy.

Increasingly the commander and his direct plenipotentiaries had been stressing the importance of firearms as being the key necessity in ventures on the field but attempting to limit their use within internal sectors. Internal security guards throughout the main compound and around the perimeter of the conference hall where they met now of course were armed to the teeth but however equipped the guards were with machine guns and other accoutrements, standing orders had them utilize the firearms only when no other option applied. Thus training was increasing across the board on command edict concerning the use of edged weapons as well as psychological training to induce armed organization members to be more enthusiastic to kill with their bare hands. Brandished firearms within the organization were always a good deterrent against internal dissent, however the precious bullets being churned out by the armaments division were best relegated to field use. Although not frequently spoken of, the organization's emphasis on terror and internal discipline and raising up the banner of a new dark age had within its political DNA the seeds for a future in which almost every aspect of the old society would, in time, fade away.

As such, heavy industry was not being developed within the organization territories - nor anywhere else as far as the organization's spies and voices abroad could tell. Seventy-five years after the nuclear war humanity was still in scavenger mode. There were ample empty houses, buildings and infrastructure thus no real need to develop anything but maintenance-level building skills in the generally demoralized and scarcity-driven utilitarianism that was the general rule rather than the exception among the totality of the populace, organization-administrated and otherwise. In the realm of food cultivation the rule of thumb was take what you could find, do what you could do. Other than in the higher ranks and amongst those who could manage to hunt a little themselves, food for organization members consisted of highly processed materials (including rendered products extracted from their former comrades) generously laced with certain chemical extracts to mimic natural health.

As he continued to speak, Yatskaya filled his oratory with rising levels of volume and excitement as each new weapon was shown. At the end of the presentation, along with a set of dignitaries from the commander's liaison coming from headquarters, he revealed a larger piece than had been in use. Well recognized by all members of the organization as a small Palestinian-type guerrilla rocket, the crowd erupted with a diabolic frenzy upon viewing the artillery piece, everyone on their feet, fists raised in the air and screams of blood lust on every tongue. Nadezhda rose like in a dream and her mouth filled with a hateful screech as her arms raised up straight in the air. Across the hall amongst another sector of attendees, the lieutenant also found himself in the mesmerizing spell of the newly produced upgraded weaponry.

The thirteen foot black cylinder gleamed with a sinister glint, with the initials and make, KVA-1, painted in plain red letters upon the side. The small pulley with the mechanism setting atop its tripod mount rolled into the center near Nadezdha's father. Brutal and imposing as the weapon which he had forged, he too raised his fist in a violent scream as the artillery piece came into the view of the amassed organizational personnel at the conference. This was the day that he had been waiting for, the unveiling of the fruits of a project that he had been working on for many years with complete secrecy within the armaments division. Nadezdha in the audience was floored considering that she had seen no visible signs in her father over time that would have compromised that he was working on something very specific and ambitious such as this.

If she had still been younger and studying at the armaments factory as she had when she was a girl she would have noticed, but code-breaking and intelligence analysis in internal security had become all-consuming work and her visits with her father were almost always usually at his residence, there had been no specific need to visit the armaments factory as of late. Organization life, even in its mundane particulars, did not mimic the soft-hearted ways of the familyist-minded bourgeoisie which once ruled the land. If Nadezdha, as a commissioned code-breaker and internal security personnel frequented the armaments factory without due reason, no matter that her father worked there, she would be noted for potential espionage activities if the action continued. Once she moved out of the youth corps and into full service not too long ago, she had been well aware that the dynamics change when a person joins a sub sector within the organization. Shock troops were more lenient and accepted in certain circumstances, but internal security were always suspect. They preyed upon the people and then they preyed upon one another, which would be the scenario as already mentioned. It was a cannibalistic bureaucratic beast that devoured human beings without any understandable discrimination - it was to be avoided.

Yatskaya waved his arms in a gesture for the crowd to quiet and the roar lessened to a degree although all were still on their feet, then all of a sudden a huge banner that had been rolled up and hidden in the rafters behind the stage was unfurled dramatically, featuring a new insignia of the organization now no longer featuring the bat but instead crossed rockets behind the profile of the commander. In the corner in blood-red stood a new image of a bat, flying down from some ghastly sky as if in the midst of a hunt. The symbolism reverberated with everyone throughout the hall striking deep chords in the very center of their consciousness. Now they had advanced their death machine into an entirely new level and their domination would be unstoppable. "DEATH!" shouted the armaments official, howling like a madman through a generator-run speaker system. "DEATH!" screamed the unhinged audience in response. "DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!" - the chant resounded like the roaring of ten-thousand tigers throughout the metal hangar, sweat pouring down every face in emotional exertion.

"Esteemed members of the organization," began Katskaya. "We are now entering a new and increasingly weaponized era within the organization. With the assistance of our chemistry sector, in conjunction with armaments over the last several years, we have worked without stop on forwarding this project under the express orders and personal leadership guidance of the commander himself."

The audience response was now caged chaos.

"Only with the leadership of the commander could we have reached the level that the organization, his dream, now has at its hands. We are going to usher in an era in which death will reign from above onto our enemies and they will recognize without fail that they must submit under the lash of this group, this organization, this spearhead of the new Dark

Age! Let the exploded bodies of their kith and kin be the punishing testament for any who would seek to conspire against the might of god-in a-flesh-body, the commander. Let him hear your screams!”

The audience erupted into banshee shrieking exploding the limits of sanity.

“By being present here today, you are the first outside of the production team and the highest levels to be informed about the existence of this weapon. Propaganda sheets are being printed both in white and black propaganda style, two different versions for the benefit of our group and our enemies respectively, acting as the prophet in the wilderness bringing to light the horrific new level of our organization’s might. Within two months’ time there will be a mass rally near headquarters in which this lethal arm of the commander, this lethal vessel of death stamped with the mark of our our organization, will be formally unveiled to the organization as a whole. At that time there will also be mass initiations and the conferring of medals and armbands forwarding our new emblem. For those who want to sign up for special initiations please see the processing liaison officer which has a table set up at the back of the room tonight. Attendees will be given priority for choice initiations and will be attended and devised with much circumstance. The commander will be attending this rally personally and your dedication and elan with which you take on the responsibility of setting an example as members of leadership cadre will quadruple the discipline of your subordinates and give untold pleasure to the commander. Avail yourselves of this opportunity!”

Various religious cults, thinly veiled fronts of certain experimental intelligence operations utilizing the population of the organization as it’s experimental lab rats, would be at the the coming event. In the organization the lines between the swelling mystical current within the post-nuclear populace and methods of maintaining organizational cohesiveness on a psychological, sociological and physical level were always blurred. If the tendency existed, it would be co-opted by the organization. Many tendencies of course were crushed, however in the latter doomsday scenario in which they found themselves operating, the leadership of the organization had learned that it behooved them to play certain chords. The majority of the tendencies most in vogue were fabricated by intelligence itself. In the old days, a shadow state like the organization would have been termed religious extremists or most loathsome in their methodology of governance, however, the thrust and sheer scope of the cult programs within the organization were unlike anything the world had ever seen except perhaps as vague intimations of the future during the darkest days of yore.

Lines of masked and goggled internal security guards lined the open door of the hangar, the presentation of the rocket had induced the highest level of security possible for this rally. The project had, in reality, been kept an absolute secret without any chinks in the armor of silence, as none of the attendees outside of the project had seen this coming. The additional security personnel had been personally requested by armaments or at least someone going under armaments cover. For a long time the organization had boasted various particularly nasty weapons, chemical, biological and radiological warfare was considered the name of the game; the crest jewel to the organization’s usual shootings, dismemberment’s and more primitively executed atrocities on the field. Now all of this hideous weaponry would have a psychotic means of dispersal. From the times when elite units would make moves against small settlements with poisoning the wells or contaminating the food supply, the organization could now load those same agents into warheads and send them spiraling over the spires of the forests and into unaware and unprepared centers of humanity, inaugurating their actions with explosions, shrapnel and rising casualties and ending them with culling cultured from varied pages of the the organization’s encyclopedia of death.

“Esteemed members of the organization.” Katskaya’s voice sounded like hosts of phantoms flying over the three-hundred strong crowd of organizational personnel. A team of guards moved in around the stage surrounding the speaker and the weapon and some activity could be seen commencing at the mouth of the hangar. “Please head into the courtyard where refreshments have been prepared and enjoy yourselves for the rest of the afternoon. Evening session will begin at the usual time, we have a special session this evening and it will be brief as all of you are preparing to leave in the morning. In the courtyard you will have the opportunity to receive reports on the scope of the new project and various public strategic outlines that I am sure will be of interest to you. I am looking forward to speaking with you soon and more in-depth. Long live the commander!”

A cheer rose up from the crowd as the people began making their way toward the hangar door. Still guarding the stage, several technicians came and wheeled the rocket in an opposite direction, out a side door and beyond the view of the attendees. The cheer broke down into a minor cacophony of animated conversations as they moved toward the courtyard.

Outside the hangar was a bustle of activity as the delegates began pouring into the area located securely between several of the steel buildings making up the conference location. On huge spits wild boars were rotating in roast, sending a sweet scent of broiling flesh wafting across the grounds. Large open-faced military tents were manned by various low-level clerks from intelligence who were passing out pamphlets and newspapers glorifying the appearance of the rocket in the organization’s arsenal. Industrial-sized plastic barrels outfitted with primitive tap mechanisms had been set up at various junctures, dispensing a crude organization-made low-alcohol small beer similar to the potato recipes once utilized by Russian peasants, the difference between it and its historic counterpart being that the organization version was also, as usual, amply fortified with laboratory-produced stimulants.

The conference had been more exciting than most of the attendees had premeditated. It was within the purview of executive strategy to engineer events such as these during significant successes and this was most certainly a stellar success by all accounts. A several hour period of celebration was soon to begin which would culminate in a final debriefing which was more perfunctory than essential, as by the time the evening session started there would be atrocious levels of intoxication throughout the attendees - the informational meat had been set to the organizational vultures in the afternoon session, as by prior design and culminating with the armaments announcement.

A snow-less winter was upon the landscape but due to the southern climes the weather was relatively warm considering, however to both cut the chill in the air and provide atmosphere there were lines of steel drums half-buried in the ground burning a variety of refuse for warmth and additional light in the courtyard, these much similar to how partisans in the old days used to arrange a landing strip for descending support aircraft. Nadezdha looked around the area for her father but he was nowhere to be seen, more than likely he would be locked in serious closed-door sessions well into the evening whilst the rest of the company celebrated the victory which was highly in part to his design.

Cold chills broke over her neck when she considered what had been said earlier in her father's speech, concerning the commander taking personal leadership of the project from the onset, which meant that the commander had been working with her father face-to-face and – by implication – for sometime. The development of the rocket under the joint work of the commander and her father would catapult her into entirely new levels of respect and prestige within the organization and she wondered what this, along with the coded

message that the lieutenant had given her, would mean for her future. Driving her wandering thoughts to the side, she approached a small lean-to proffering drinks of a stronger variety than what was in the plastic drums dispensing the potato-based liquor.

Several ebony-skinned men with huge frames stood nearby, smoking large cigars which contained a brutal narcotic favored by some of the members of the organization with a particularly strong constitution. They were hand-rolled with wild-growing tobacco, called rabbit tobacco, but interspersed with ample amounts of a mild hallucinogenic substance called “cerebranam” and finally dipped into another chemical (often thought to be an equivalent to the embalming fluid of pre-apocalyptic times) which acted as a sedative. The combination of mild hallucinogen, nicotine stimulant and sedative produced a state in which the various substances combated one another, producing a somewhat calming but also violent state in those so using. The black men in the organization received much favor from the commander, who considered them superior to many of the other racial strains and, because their ancestors had lived in the area for hundreds of years before the nuclear wars and not always been on good terms with the state, they were considered natural resistance fighters who were able to roll with the punches to a higher degree than some of the genetic strains who had socially been raised on the soft tit of luxury, making the latter sub-species all the more neurotic and destroyed when the world came down around their heads in a sea of nuclear fire.

The men did not notice Nadezdha as she walked beneath the awning of the stall, where a small boy around ten years of age manned a primitive non-electric refrigeration unit made of some put together pieces of insulated material, surrounded by a few cartons and various plastic cups. Nadezdha smiled at the boy who promptly grinned in return. His beady eyes ran over every inch of her body within only a few seconds, greedily imagining the specifics of the slight curvatures that existed under the black uniform.

“Hello, brother,” Nadezdha said smoothly, aware of the young man’s interest and fully intending to take advantage of the situation and give the youth a thrill in the process.

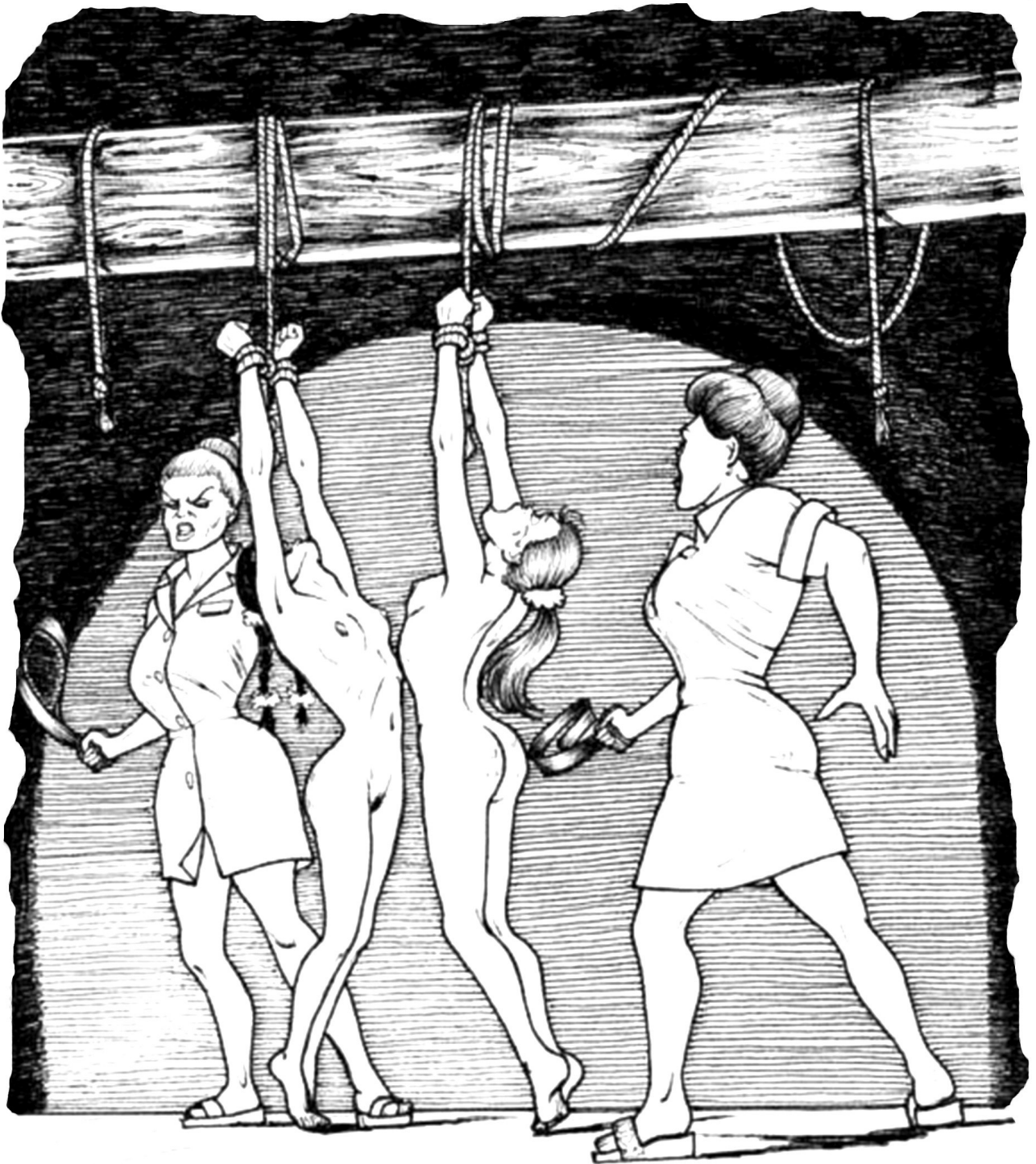
“Hello, sister...” said the youth, his voice trailing off inadvertently amidst his rapture.

Obliquely, Nadezdha raised one hand and cupped her breast through the fabric, pursing her lips slightly while nodding toward the tankard. “Please set me up with one of those, brother, and perhaps I will set you up with one of these later.”

She tapped her small breast, the curvature of which was barely noticeable beneath the fabric.

The youth went to preparing the requested liquid extra quick.

Nadezdha would be enjoying a mixture of promethazine, codeine syrup and a mild alcohol made from the rotting persimmons that fell down from the boughs of the trees in the fall, all mixed with a mixture of ice. The purpose of the drink, which Nadezdha favored, was to produce a state of extreme somnolence, lowering of respiration capacity and producing a dissociative state. As the young boy prepared the concoction she eyed him appraisingly, she would have to show him a thing or two before the night was over.



The hardship imposed by the consequence of actions, but by the suffering such striving imposes.

butterflies

